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No. 2.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

*Current notes on pictures and painters—The progress and prospects of art in America—
Portraits of artists and engravings of representative canvases.*

THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

BOSTONIANS claim for Copley Square the very highest rank as a center of good architecture. The latest addition to the surrounding group of buildings—which includes the handsome Art Museum and the massive Trinity Church—is the very fine Public Library. This new structure, "built by the people," as its inscription declares, "and dedicated to the advancement of learning," combines excellence of design, richness of decoration, and convenience of use, to a degree not attained before in this country. At the same time its cost—another important feature—was not excessive, amounting to a million and a quarter of dollars. Would that New York possessed such an institution as this in Boston promises to be! The metropolis has some libraries that are large, and some that are well managed, but none that combines these two indispensable qualities; and none—with the possible exception of the Lenox—that has a building architecturally attractive.

The "richness of decoration," it should be added,

is partly prospective. There are already a couple of lions, by St. Gaudens, guarding the main stairway, and much good carved work and fine mosaics; but there are elaborate additions to come. St. Gaudens is designing six more statues for the entrance. Eight panels along the stair-



J. Francis Murphy.

From a photograph by E. S. Bennett, New York.



"Offerings to Cupid."

From the painting by W. A. Bouguereau.

way are to be filled by Puvis de Chavannes, the most famous and original master of mural painting. He will be the only foreigner represented, though several other decorations will come from abroad—Abbey's scenes from the "Holy Grail" for the Delivery Room, Sargent's "Progress of Religion through History" for the corridor of the third floor, Macmonnies' heroic statue of Sir Harry Vane, and perhaps a painting for the main hall from the brush of Whistler. Nor has strictly native art been neglected. Commissions to fill other vacant spaces have been given—or are to be given as the necessary funds accrue—to Abbott Thayer, John Elliot, Elmer Garnsey, John La Farge, and George de Forest Brush.

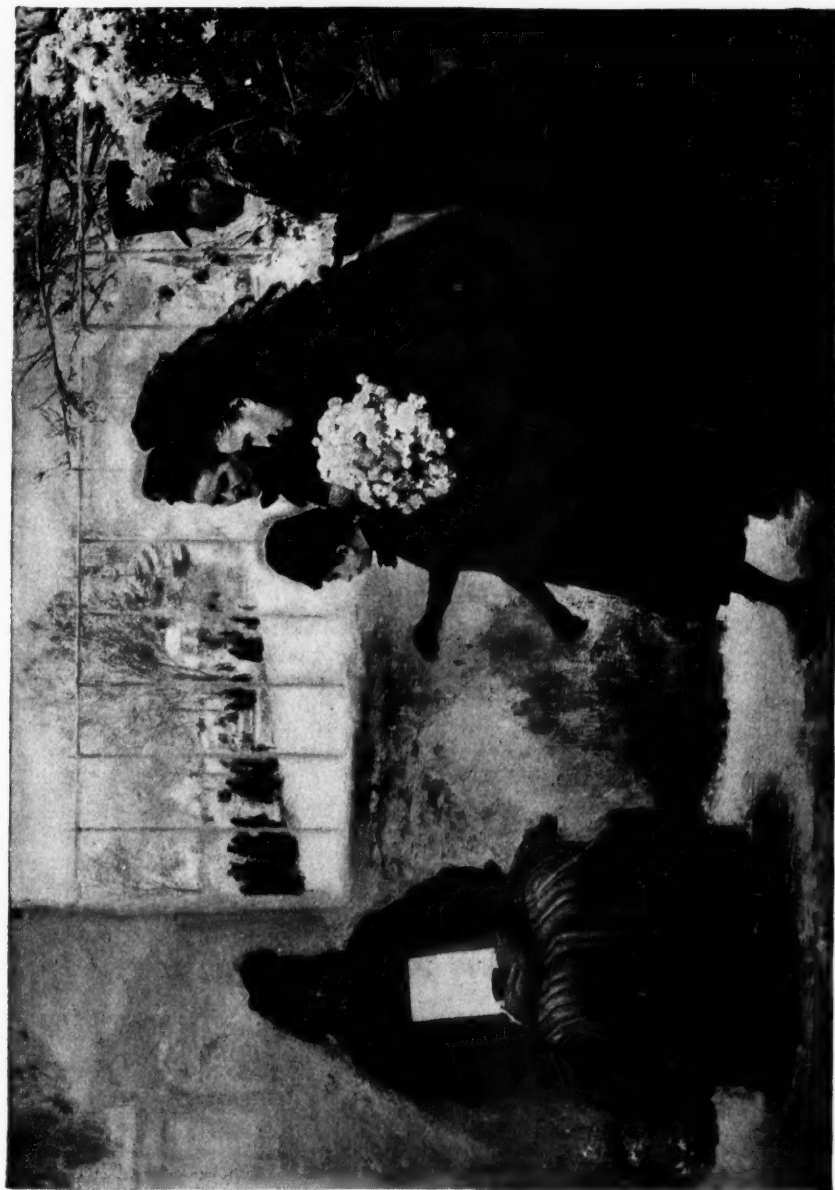
Much of this work is already completed or well advanced. Sargent's and Abbey's designs were shown at the World's Fair, and one of Sargent's finished pictures at last spring's Royal

Academy in London; and Macmonnies' statue of Vane was at the Paris Salon.

We have mentioned the decorations of this new Boston library at some length, because we regard them as an interesting example of a tendency of which we spoke in this department a couple of months ago. Mural painting is, we think, to be studied and appreciated by Americans in the near future much more than it has been in the past. There is a wide field for its development here, and its extension would be of greater benefit to the community than would some more practical things.

PUBLIC ART IN NEW YORK.

THE ending of the last paragraph brings us back to that familiar topic, that old grievance—our lack of popular education in art. The observer of American life encounters this fact, and its results, at a thousand points. Why, for instance, does the city of New York



"All Saints' Day."

From the painting by E. Friant, in the Luxembourg.

spend considerable sums to give its people good music in the parks, while it maintains in those parks a collection of the worst sculpture in the world?

Fine monuments have a value to the community that cannot be precisely set

our government, injure our commerce, and blaspheme our civilization!"

THE LATE GEORGE INNESS.

ANECDOTES of the late George Inness are still being told—reminiscences of his remarkable powers and of his equally marked peculiarities. He had many of the eccentricities of genius.

It is told how, a few years ago, he served as a member of the hanging committee of an exhibition at the Academy of Design. He went to work with a will, and spent a whole morning in hanging a picture of his own in a place of vantage. Then he looked through the rest of the exhibits, and selected a few to which he was willing to accord the honor of hanging near his canvas. This done, he went away with the satisfied air of one who has done his whole duty, and was seen at the Academy no more.

He had not the diplomatic qualities that bring success to some painters. His work brought good prices, especially in his later life, but he always complained of American indifference to native art. "I did well when abroad," he said, not long before his death, "from Americans who came there. I never could make a living in my own country." Such a statement from one of the foremost painters of his day may indeed sound discouraging, but it should perhaps be qualified. Mr. Inness probably meant that the pursuit of art for art's sake, the painting of ideal work, was not sufficiently remunerative, and that he had been obliged at times to descend to the drudgery of "pot boilers"—a drudgery from which few artists can hope for complete freedom; but which few resent so bitterly as did Inness.

For instance, some forty years ago a railroad company ordered from him a picture of the city of Scranton. He did the task, with small liking of the necessity of bringing out the double tracked line and



V. Brozik.

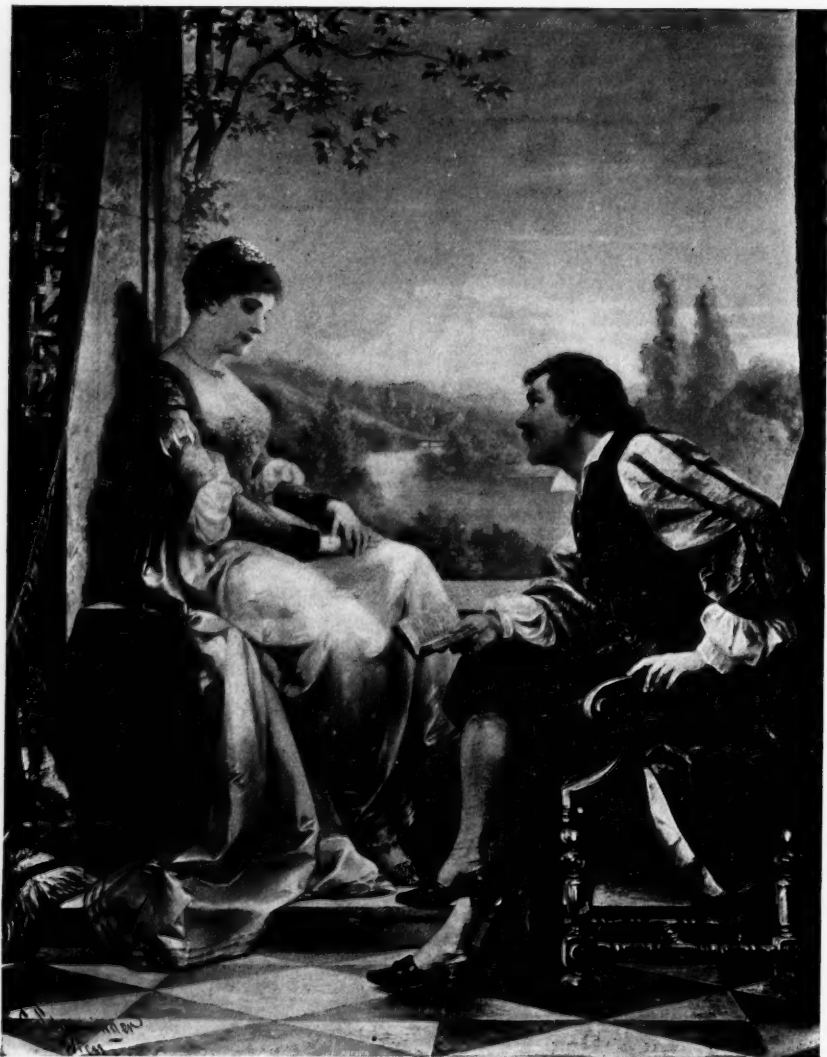
From a photograph by Löwy, Vienna.

down in dollars and cents. They are like silent beacons set before a noisy, flippant world. They breathe dignity and beauty; they preach lofty ideals; they inspire hero worship and public spirit. But poor monuments only make ridiculous the great men they were designed to honor, and degrade the public taste. If New York were educated to artistic intelligence she would not tolerate the exhibition of certain works of alleged art which at present disfigure, rather than ornament, her public places. One of these monstrosities in bronze—the effigy of Samuel Sullivan Cox in Clinton Place—Mr. Ruckstuhl vigorously denounces as "a pest to defame



"Behave Yourself!"

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by C. Sonderland.



"The Poet's Woning"

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by C. Schweninger.

the roundhouse, without reference to the demands of perspective. Long afterwards, he found that identical canvas among the odds and ends of a Mexican picture shop. He bought it for a trifle, as a curious reminder of the early days when he was glad of any sort of a commission.

A GALLERY OF FAIR WOMEN.

THE great interest that London took in this year's portrait exhibition of

"Fair Women" at the Grafton Gallery presages an equal success for the similar display which is shortly to be opened at the Academy of Design in New York. It is true that we have not in this country England's rich store of ancestral canvases to draw upon—the famous beauties of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Lawrence, and the rest; but we do possess a wealth of fine modern portraits, and some older ones that are interest-



"Welcome, Olat!"
From the painting by Wilhelm Krag.

ing. There are many good ones painted in New York by New York artists—William M. Chase, George C. Munzig, Carroll Beckwith, B. C. Porter, Frank Fowler, and others; there are some painted abroad by such American artists as Sargent, Whistler, and Shannon;

interesting not only in themselves but in their subjects.

We hope to have more to say about this exhibition at a later date.

TWO FRENCH WOMEN PAINTERS.

ROSA BONHEUR was the first woman ever admitted to the Legion of Honor. This year she has been promoted to the rank of an officer of the order, while another member of her sex has become a chevalier—or a chevalière, perhaps we should say. The new feminine knight is Mme. Demont-Breton, whose "Jean Bart" was one of the most highly praised pictures at the last Palais de l'Industrie Salon.

Woman is coming to the front in the artistic world of France as well as of America.

OUR PORTRAITS.

ONE of the best of the younger men who are coming up to take the place of Inness in landscape painting is J. Francis Murphy, of whom a portrait appears on page 113. Mr. Murphy was born in 1853 in Oswego, New York, and enjoys the distinction of being entirely a self taught artist. He settled in the metropolis a good many years ago, and is a member of both of its art societies, having been elected to the American Artists in 1883, and to the Academy as an Associate in 1885 and as a full Academician two years later. Both bodies, too, have awarded him

prizes—the former the Webb Prize in 1887, and the latter the second Hallgarten Prize in 1885.

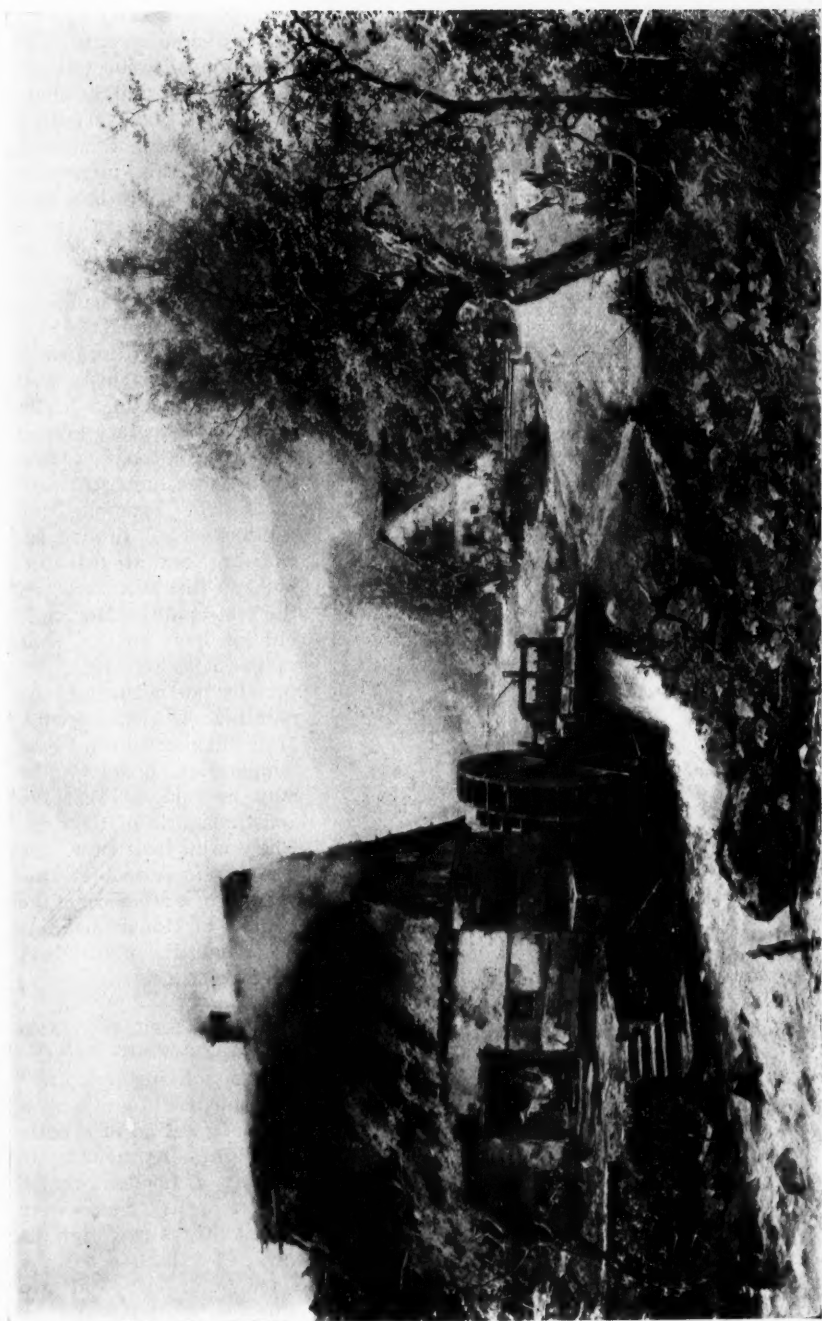
Vaczlav Brozik is best known in this country as the painter of the well known "Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella," which is one of the largest—though scarcely one of the greatest—canvases in the Metropolitan Museum. Brozik is a Bohemian—born at Tzemoschna, near Pilsen, in 1852—whose



J. J. Benjamin Constant.
From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

and numerous examples from the brushes of the foremost French masters of portraiture—Benjamin Constant, Carolus Duran, and others less famous.

Take the best of these, with specimens of the older American painters, and with such exotic admixtures as the work that Zorn, the Swedish artist, left behind him last year, and the result should be a striking symposium of various schools and a gathering of pictures



"An Old German Mill."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by C. Schultze.



"The Chase."

From the painting by Emile Saintin.

artistic career has been a somewhat cosmopolitan one. He studied at the Prague Academy, then under Piloty in Munich, and finally with Munkacsy in Paris. His favorite line of work is one that finds fewer followers today than formerly—the painting of ambitious

historical compositions. Such paintings may win the honor of admission to some academic collection, but seldom do they bring the financial reward that is usually a primary consideration with artists of this mercenary generation. Brozik's best work of the kind, perhaps, is his "Embassy of Ladislaus of Bohemia to Charles VII of France," which hangs in the Berlin National Gallery.

The name of Jean Joseph Benjamin Constant is well known as that of a leader of the contemporary French school. He, too, is a painter of large historical canvases—for example, his "Last Rebels," in the Luxembourg, and his "Justinian and his Ministers" in the Metropolitan Museum; but he has done a wide range of other work, especially portraiture and the painting of oriental genre. More than any of his contemporaries, probably, he may be said to wear the artistic mantle of Cabanel, who was his instructor. He was born in Paris forty nine years ago, is an officer of the Legion of Honor, and has won a long list of medals at the Salon.

"LIVING PICTURES" AND THE COPYRIGHT LAW.

THE "living picture" epidemic has brought up a curious question of artistic copyright. At the Empire Palace, a London music hall, representations were

given of certain paintings the originals of which are owned by Hanfstaengl, the German fine art publisher; and two newspapers—the *Daily Graphic* and the *Westminster Budget*—brought out illustrations of the *tableaux vivants*. Application was made for an injunction



"Sappho."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by W. Amberg.

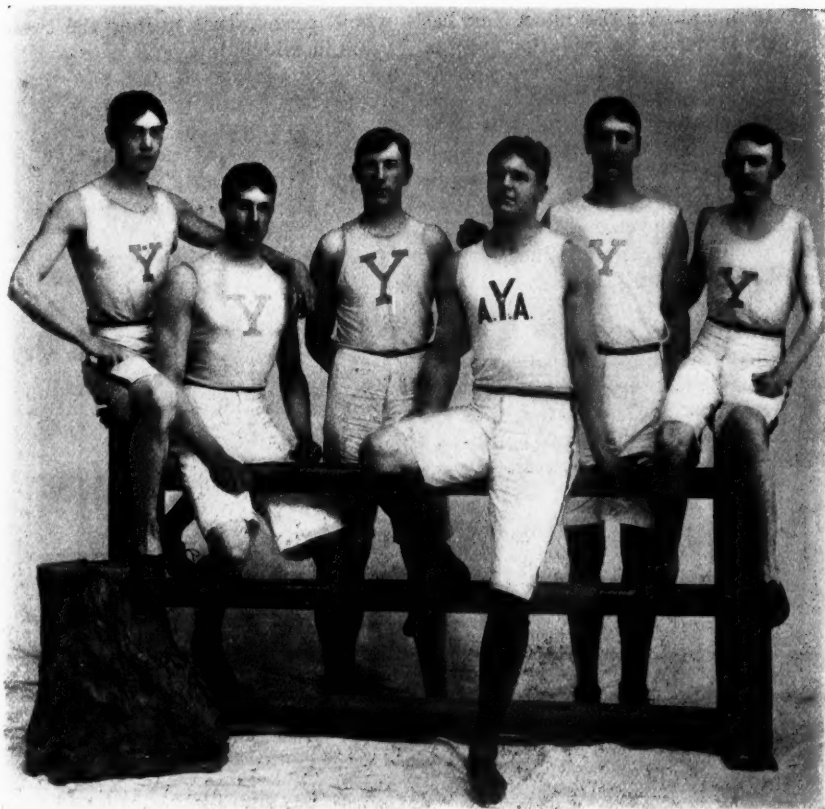


"Love Disarmed."

From the painting by E. Munier.

against the music hall and the periodicals. It was argued that the plaintiff had the "sole and exclusive right of reproduction" of the paintings in question, and that the "living picture" was a reproduction and therefore an infringement of copyright. The court held, however, that this was too wide a construction of the statute. It had been

ruled that a waxwork modeled after an engraving was not a copy; and if so, a reproduction with living figures could scarcely be actionable. As to painted backgrounds, however, the question was left for later settlement; and we should surmise that on this point the final ruling would be in favor of the owner of the original copyright.



Cady Brown Sanford Hickok Sheldon Morgan

THE YALE TEAM THAT MET OXFORD'S ATHLETES.

ATHLETIC YALE.

How the New Haven university has won her high standing in the world of college sports—Her record and her prospects on the football field, the river, the diamond, and the running track.

By John Weston Allen.

YALE'S prominence in intercollegiate athletics gives to the term "Athletic Yale" a significance perhaps not wholly complimentary. Her splendid record of victories indicates long training and much practice, and there are not a few—even among her own graduates—who shake their heads dubiously at her many triumphs, and say that such athletic perfection is incompatible with the studious intellectuality that should be hers. It is not the purpose of this article, however, to debate

the vexed question of physical education—which was touched upon in a previous sketch of "Athletic Harvard"—but to give a brief outline of Yale's record and prospects upon the four great fields of collegiate competition, the football gridiron, the baseball diamond, the river, and the running track.

At Yale, football takes precedence of all other sports, not only because it is the most popular at the present time, but because the game, as played in this country, is purely a product of college

invention, and from the outset Yale has been the leader in its evolution. From its nature, it is essentially an amateur sport. Among professionals it would surely deteriorate into a farce or become brutal and unsportsmanlike. As played by the college teams, however, its objectionable features are reduced to a minimum; and the changes which have been made in the game since last season promise still further to increase the general interest and improve the style of play.

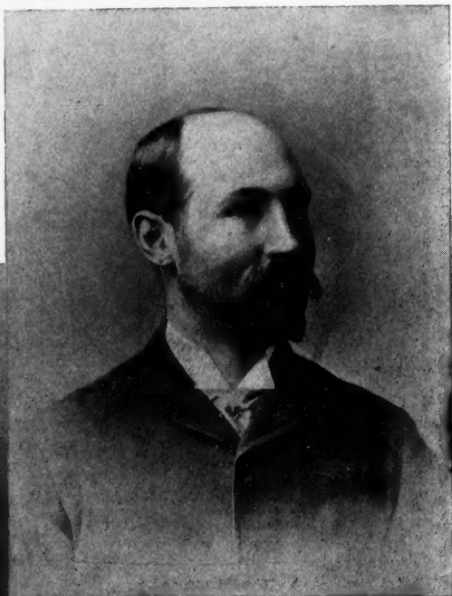
The first attempts at intercollegiate football matches were made in 1875. The next year an association was formed, in which Yale was not included; but her team successively

whole period, that during the twenty years in which intercollegiate matches have been played, she has suffered but five defeats, four from Princeton, in '78, '85, '89, and '93, and one from Harvard in '90. The games with Princeton have generally been hard fought, and the margin of victory scant; while Harvard has not been a formidable antagonist



Robert Cook.

defeated all the members of the league. In those days fifteen men played on a side, and the rules did not materially differ from those of the old English Rugby game. Changes have been made gradually, the most radical being the introduction, in 1883, of the system of scoring by points. So great has been Yale's football strength throughout this



Walter Camp.

until quite recent years. Since 1888, the scores among the big colleges have been small. Even in '91 and '92, when the Yale teams went through the season without a point being scored against them, their victories were often won only after the keenest battles.

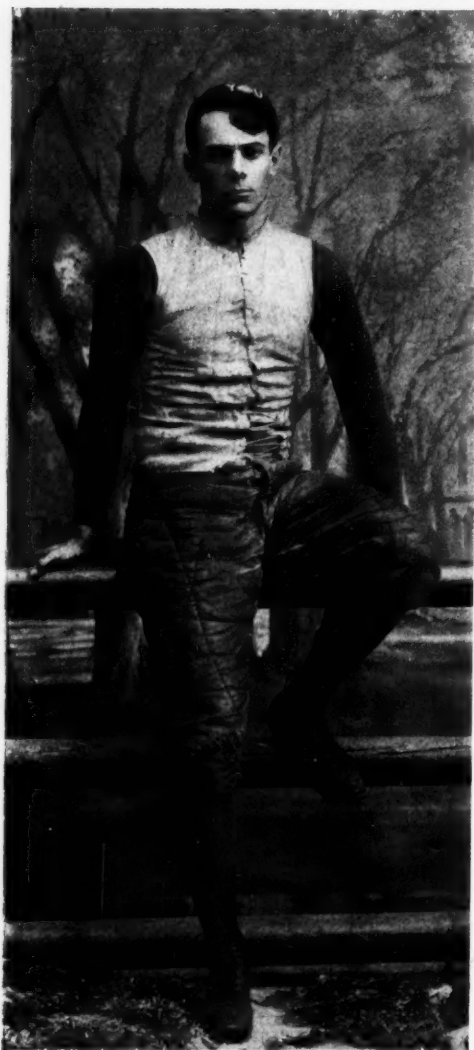
Yale has been fortunate in having among her graduates Walter Camp, who is the acknowledged authority of the football world, besides Rhodes, McClung, Gill, Corbin, and other coaches scarcely less distinguished. Some of these men have served as coaches for other teams; and as the knowledge of Yale methods and tactics has thus become more general, matches have become more evenly



The Interior of the Gymnasium at Yale.

fought, and the general interest in the game has been enhanced.

Yale's boating history extends over half a century. As early as 1843 there was organized at New Haven the first college boat club in America; but it was not until 1852 that a Yale crew met one from another college. In that year Harvard was the victor in a rather impromptu race rowed on Lake Winipissee during the summer vacation.



Frank A. Hinkey.

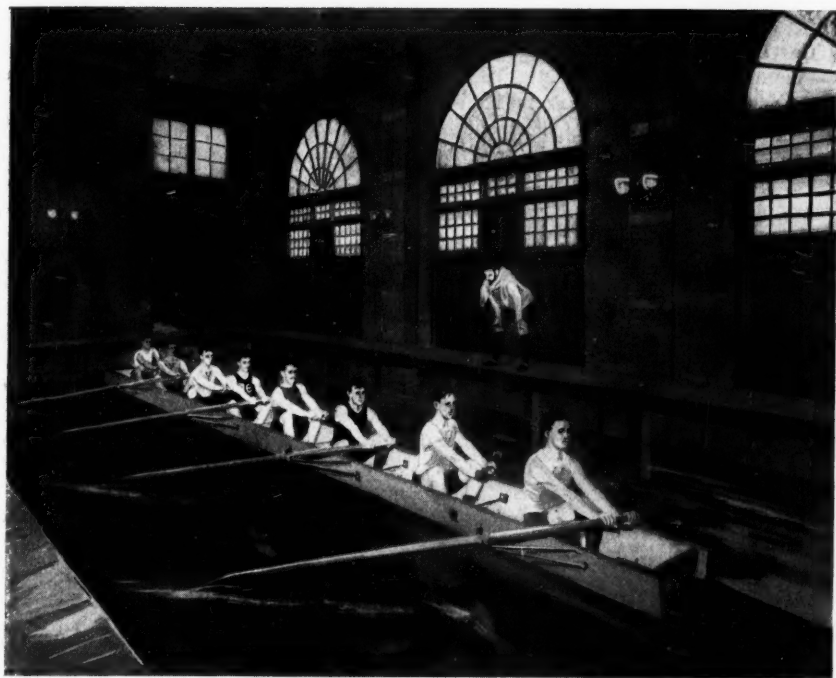
Captain of the 1893 and 1894 Football Teams.

Boating at this time aroused only a desultory interest, the chief event on the aquatic calendar being the annual race between the historic Linonia and Brothers debating societies. Harvard again defeated Yale in 1855, so decisively that the New Haven oarsmen took no steps for another match until the spring of 1858. A meeting between the two colleges was then arranged, but was abandoned owing to the death by drowning of one of the Yale oarsmen.

In 1859 began the series of races on Lake Quinsigamond, at Worcester, which, barring a break of three years, were rowed annually until 1870. Brown University entered a crew the first two years, but then the race narrowed down to a dual contest. Not until 1864 did Yale succeed in defeating her Cambridge rival in a college race, and of the eleven races rowed up to 1871 she won only two. The training of the candidates for the '64 boat was very severe compared with that of Yale crews of today. The men were obliged to rise at six o'clock every morning, and run from three to five miles before breakfast. Twice daily, morning and afternoon, they rowed four miles at full speed. With such an outlay of energy was the blue's first triumph over the crimson secured!

In 1868 rowing at Yale was put on a systematic basis; the constitution of the Yale navy was adopted, and class boat clubs were organized. Three years later an association was formed which included most of the prominent Eastern colleges—as many as thirteen of them, at one time. Yale joined in 1872, in which disastrous year her crew was "remarkable as being the poorest lot of oarsmen ever sent out from New Haven." It finished last of six by a good margin.

Better things were to come for Yale athletics. In this crew of 1872 was Robert J. Cook, then a freshman, who was captain for the



The Rowing Tank in the Yale Gymnasium—The Crew Practising by Gaslight.

next four years. In the last of the four—1876—it was decided to withdraw from the general association, and to challenge Harvard to an eight oared, four mile race. Harvard's acceptance marked the beginning of the present series, of which Yale has won twelve events to her rival's seven.

The race of 1876 was notable, not only because it was the first eight oared race on this side of the Atlantic, but because "Bob" Cook and "Foxy" Bancroft, who have since become the leading boating authorities at the two universities, stroked the rival crews.

Harvard's six victories during the nine years ending with 1885 were largely due to the able coaching of Mr. Bancroft, who retired after the latter year. Meanwhile Mr. Cook, who, during his college days, had gone to England to study Oxford's rowing methods, was establishing a school of oarsmanship at New Haven which has made the "Cook stroke" famous, and has brought the Yale crew first to the finish line

during the past nine years with the single exception of '91.

The spread of baseball as a professional sport has injured its popularity as a college pastime. The distinctive character that attaches to rowing and football is lacking, and the difficulty in maintaining a purely amateur standard is a serious drawback. Consequently the games with Harvard and Princeton, which in the old days were the crowning athletic events of the year at New Haven, now attract less attention and arouse little enthusiasm.

The Yale nine played annual games with the two colleges mentioned, as long ago as 1868. It is interesting to compare the scores of that date with the smaller figures of today. Yale defeated Princeton 30 to 13, but was in turn defeated by Harvard 25 to 17. In some of the minor games, the winners' tally reached three figures. Harvard continued her victories until 1874, and prior to 1880 she won the championship ten

times in twelve years. Then Harvard, Princeton, Amherst, Brown, and Dartmouth formed a league, to which Yale was admitted in the following season. Dartmouth, Brown, and Amherst subsequently withdrew, but the other three colleges kept up the association. Yale was a member for nine years, and won the championship every season, with the single exception of 1885, when Captain Winslow's famous Harvard nine went through the year without a defeat. Since the league dissolved, Harvard and Princeton have each won one series with Yale, Princeton in '91 and Harvard in '93; and each has been tied with her once.

In track athletics, Yale's record is far below the standing she has achieved in the sports already considered. The Mott Haven cup was first offered in 1876, but it was not until eleven years later that Yale's representatives succeeded in winning it for the first time. Yale was again victorious in 1889, but the cup went to Harvard, her athletes having won it eight times in fourteen years. In 1890 a new series was begun. After Harvard had thrice taken the championship, Yale secured it in '93, and successfully defended her title last May.

Another cup, offered to the winner in a dual contest between Yale and Harvard, has been competed for annually since 1891. Yale did not succeed in winning it till this year.

Yale's former weakness in track athletics is easily explained. The most important fact in her success in other sports has been her good team work. She has been able to offset the numerical superiority of Harvard by better com-

bination and more machine-like unity of action. In the track events, however, team work counts for little or nothing, and Harvard individualism has had its best opportunity.

The successes of this year and last have been mainly due to a decided increase of interest at New Haven. A professional trainer has been permanently secured, and more candidates are presenting themselves for the different events. The recent Oxford-Yale meeting is a sufficient indication of the strength of the movement. The team sent to England was not composed of exceptional athletes, but the outcome of the expedition was very creditable. With the prospect of another international meeting in the near future—perhaps on this side of the water—there will no doubt be an added incentive to individual effort, and a keener rivalry between our colleges for the honor of representing America.

Other branches of athletics are more or less frowned on at Yale, the prevalent opinion ruling that excellence in a few sports is better than mediocrity in many. Tennis is perhaps an exception, but even this game has little hold on the college sympathies, and is rather tolerated than encouraged. In consequence, Yale has seldom held the tennis championship, although she has produced many players of the first rank, including W. P. Knapp, R. D. Huntington, A. E. Foote, and John Howland.

Cricket and gun clubs have been revived periodically for longer or shorter intervals, but they have constantly been the butt of college humor.





Riding to hounds, the king of all field sports—Its old time beginning in America, and its great advance in popularity during the last few years.

By Robert Scott Osborne.

RIDING to hounds is commonly regarded as an English sport, or one that flourishes in other lands as an exotic only. Nevertheless, the archaeologists of fox hunting trace its beginnings in America backward for more than a hundred years, and name as one of its earliest supporters a sportsman who cannot justly be charged with Anglomania—none other than George Washington himself. This was a few years before the beginning of the Revolution, and the scene of the hunt was, curiously enough, the Long Island country around the village of Hempstead, which is today the home of the Meadow Brooks, and may be called the headquarters of the sport in America.

But many decades elapsed between the days of colonial fox hunting and its modern revival. Indeed, the sport had been practically unknown to New Yorkers for a century when a few horsemen who are still active wearers of the "pink coat" brought it again into the notice of metropolitan society some twenty years ago.

The revival began at Hackensack, where some local sportsmen organized a small and somewhat miscellaneous pack of hounds, which finally came into the possession of Messrs. Belmont Purdy and Charles Scott, of New York. These gentlemen hunted perseveringly, under not a few disadvantages, during the seasons of 1875 and 1876. On Thanksgiving day of the latter year a large crowd attended the meet, and shared in a run of which it is recorded that "there was no master and no huntsman. The

hounds worked themselves, and when they found every one went pell mell after them in great excitement and confusion." No lives were lost.

But the country about Hackensack was too swampy and too full of stone fences, and in the following year it was decided to move the pack to Long Island, where the plains of Hempstead offered a far more promising field of operations. Their sandy expanse might indeed be termed a fox hunters' paradise but for the absence of foxes. Reynard's part in the drama is played by an understudy in the shape of an unwarlike but odorous bag of anise; but the result—with its certainty of a run and its opportunities of choosing the best course—is by no means a "Hamlet" with the title rôle omitted.

The hunt was first established at Hempstead under the name of the Queens County Drag Hounds, with Mr. F. Gray Griswold as master, and with a pack of hounds imported from England. From the outset it aroused great interest, and received plenty of support, together with some opposition—notably on the part of the late Mr. Bergh, who, apparently unaware that the game was an insentient drag and not a live animal, attempted to stop the sport on the ground of its supposed cruelty.

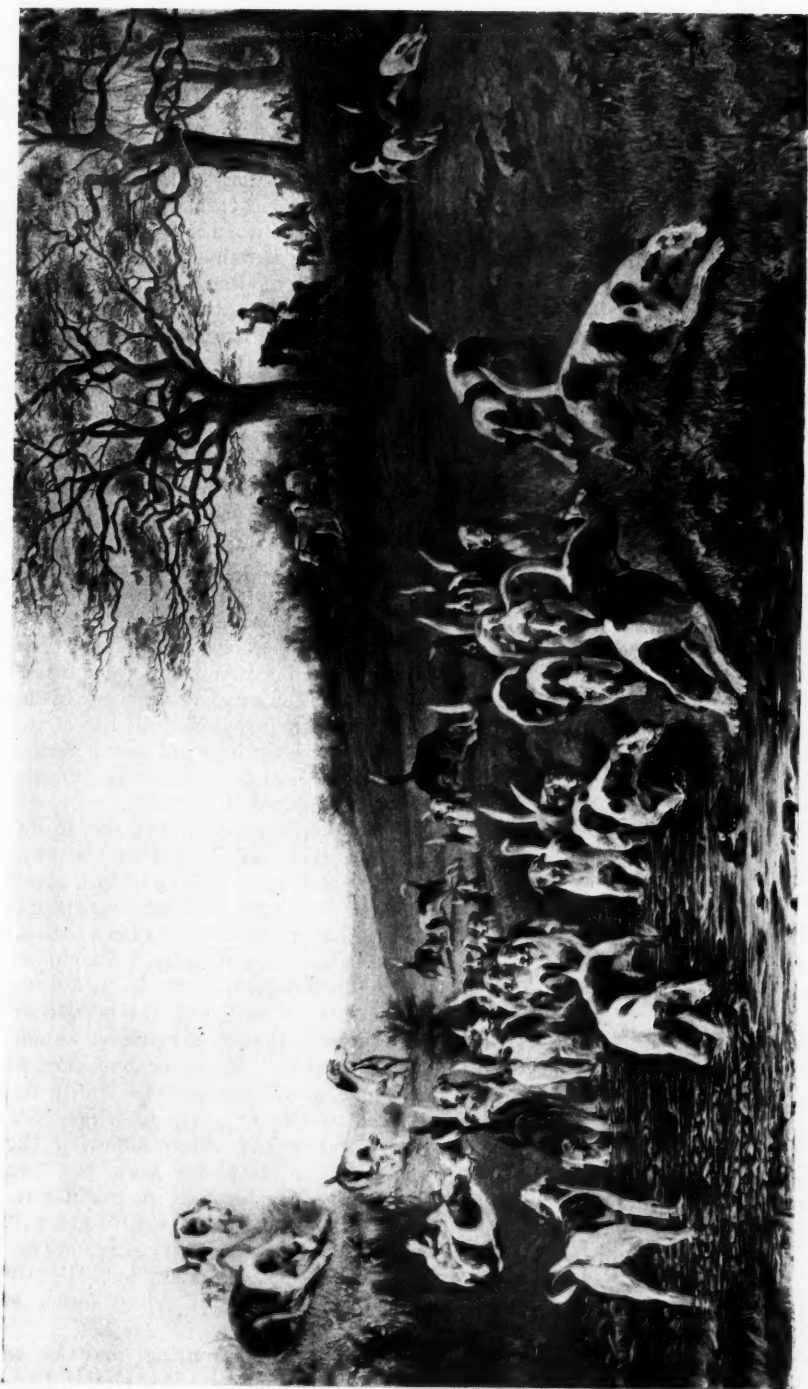
In 1879 the pack was moved to Mr. Elliott Zborowski's place in Westchester County. A new hunt was speedily organized, with another set of imported hounds, to occupy the quarters it had abandoned; and this second Long Island enterprise, of which Mr. Belmont Purdy



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"Hark Away!"

From the painting by Thomas Blinks—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.



"Check!"
From the painting by Thomas Blythe.

was leader and master, was called the Meadow Brook Hunt. Hempstead's primacy as a hunting center was fully established two years later, when the original pack was brought back from Westchester County, to be finally amalgamated with the Meadow Brooks last year.

Westchester, however, was not left without a hunt, a pack of harriers being established there, which has had a very successful career under the mastership of Mr. Theodore A. Havemeyer, Jr. The country is not as favorable as on Long Island, where there are several ladies among the regular riders. Few members of the fair sex care to follow the hounds over the stiff stone fences of the mainland; but the Westchester hunt finds plenty of support among the many rich New Yorkers whose mansions are scattered thickly through the hills between the Hudson and the Sound.

Further up the river there is the Dutchess County Hunt, another prosperous organization. On Staten Island the Richmond County Hunt Club, started only a couple of years ago, is well established and has an attractive club house. In New Jersey there are two more suburban hunts, the Essex County and the Monmouth County. The former is one of the most important in the country, possessing very fine headquarters, and a pack of hounds imported from Montreal.

Going beyond the vicinity of New York, there are half a dozen hunt clubs around Philadelphia, of which the Radnor and the Rose Tree are the "smartest." There are the Dumblane Club at Washington and the Elk Ridge at Baltimore, and numerous others in the South—in which section riding to hounds has always been more or less in vogue. And no hunt has larger fields or a better display of horseflesh than the Genesee, whose home, not far from Rochester, is in a fine stretch of fox hunting country.

A general review of the field shows that riding to hounds is a sport whose popularity is rapidly growing. It is becoming almost an essential feature of the country life for which rich American families are showing an increasing taste.

In turn it has contributed not a little to the building of the colonies of fine rural homes that have sprung up here and there around New York and other cities. At Hempstead, for example, the local hunts have brought into a region of sandy farms and barren hills an immigration that has turned what was almost a desert into a magnificent park, dotted with homes that are truly stately.

Along with modern American ideas of comfort, the life at such places has something of the baronial atmosphere of feudal England. A spacious club house, whose architecture is probably colonial, is the social focus. There is much riding along the country lanes, and playing of tennis, polo, or golf; but the great interest centers upon hunting, which begins in September, and lasts as long as the weather permits, with a brief revival in the spring. In the late winter, most of the residents will go to their city homes, and in summer many may be away in Europe, or at Newport or Bar Harbor. It is while the leaves are reddening and falling, and the music of the fox hounds is heard, that the life of the place culminates in great house parties and a succession of hunt breakfasts, hunt dinners, and hunt balls.

The sport has done much, too, to develop a fine strain of horseflesh—strong, skilful, and serviceable. It has given us the clever animals whose performances over posts and rails have been so popular a feature of recent horse shows. As to the danger involved in such feats, it must be admitted that, especially in dealing with the fences commonly found in this country, the element of peril to life and limb is perceptible. But in the fifteen or twenty years in which New York riders have been following the sport, it is chargeable with but two deaths; and its devotees indignantly repel the suggestion that the pleasure it gives and the benefits it confers are not worth the risk—a risk but slightly greater than that of many forms of athletic exercise.

One day fox hunting may be as general in America as it is now in England. At present, our hunts are not nearly as numerous or as large as those



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"The Finish."

From the painting by Thomas Blinks—By permission of the Berlin Photographie Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.



"In at the Death."
From the painting by Thomas Winkler.

of the mother country. There are in the British islands about a hundred and eighty packs of fox hounds, besides as many more of stag hounds, harriers, and beagles; and the average number of dogs in a pack is about fifty couples, while the Meadow Brook has but twenty

six. Nevertheless, the character of the sport provided by our masters is of the best, and American riders who have formerly gone abroad for the hunting season now find in their own land abundant opportunities for indulging in this most exhilarating of pastimes.



VICTORIEN SARDOU.

The foremost of living dramatists—The famous Frenchman's eventful career, his long list of successful plays, from "Pattes de Mouche" ("A Scrap of Paper") to "Madame Sans-Gêne," and his home life at Marly-le-Roi.

By Arthur Weyburn Howard.

VICTORIEN SARDOU has been at the head of the French dramatists—the most successful play makers in the world—for considerably more than a quarter of a century. During that time he has written nearly sixty plays, which have been translated into every civilized tongue, and he has amassed a fortune, unprecedented for a playwright, of nearly five millions of francs.

His father, who is still living, was, at the time of the future playwright's birth—which event occurred in Paris, on the 7th of September, 1831—an ill paid professor at one of the Paris colleges; a man, however, of considerable literary attainments, and the author of several educational books. His mother also had a love for letters, and received a number of the literary men of the time at her house. Thus it was that Sardou's childhood and youth were spent in an artistic and literary atmosphere which could not fail to influence his future life.

When he was nineteen, his father

gave him his choice of a profession, and the young man chose medicine. It was while attached to the Necker Hospital that he wrote his first play—a tragedy in blank verse called "La Reine Alfra." The success this work obtained at a reading encouraged the young author to further efforts in the same direction, though he had no idea, at that time, that he could ever earn a living by writing plays. It soon dawned upon him, however, that he had no love for the dissecting room, and he gave up all idea of becoming a physician.

For a while he had a hard struggle with poverty. His parents had barely enough to support themselves, and he was too proud to ask for assistance. So he endured all the torments, physical and mental, that artistic and sensitive natures can suffer. His only source of income was in writing articles for magazines, reviews, and dictionaries, and in giving lessons; but the articles were poorly paid, the lessons scarce, and for many months Sardou nearly starved.



Victorien Sardou.

From his latest photograph by Van Boeck, Paris.

In those dark days of his life he might have been seen, day after day, wandering about the streets of Paris, shabby and hungry looking, seeking employment. At night, in his cheerless attic, by the light of a single candle, procured by saving a sou from his economical dinner, he used to study the art of writing plays. Scribe he loved above any other master. Taking one of Scribe's plays, a play that he had never read or seen, he would read the first act; then he would close the book and map out what he considered would be Scribe's scenario of the two remaining acts. When finished, he compared his work with the original, overjoyed if he had hit on a similar scene or situation.

So he toiled on, day and night, with

that dogged perseverance which has ever been one of his most marked characteristics. He was a close student of history—a fact that has been of great service in his later work. He was also an inveterate theater goer in those days, attending the performances at the Français as often as his means permitted. One day he pawned his coat to buy a seat at the Opéra.

In 1854 he succeeded in getting a piece called "La Taverne des Étudiants" produced at the Odéon. It was a complete failure, and its author's discouragement was bitter. A dangerous illness followed, brought on by privations. Through this he was nursed by Mlle. de Brécourt, who later became his wife; and in what had seemed his darkest hour his fortune began to



The Drawing Room at Marly-le-Roi.
From a photograph by Pepper, Paris.



Sardou in his Study.

Drawn by L. M. Glackens from a photograph by Dornac, Paris

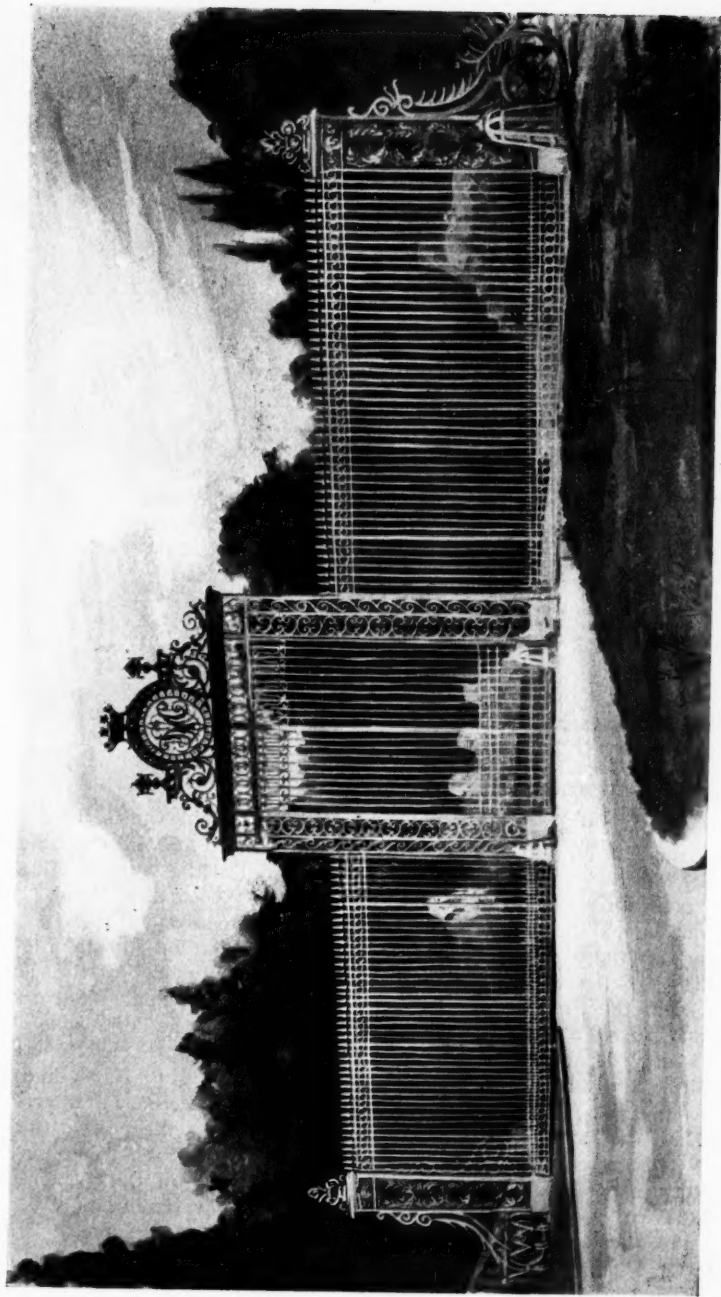
change for the better. His wife was a bosom friend of Mlle. Déjazet, who opened for him the doors of the theater that still bears her name. "Candide" and "Les Premières Armes de Figaro" were given successively at the Théâtre Déjazet, and Sardou's footing as a playwright was won. His success was clinched by the famous "Pattes de Mouche," so well known in this country as "A Scrap of Paper," which was produced at the Gymnase Dramatique in 1860. The author had placed all his hopes on this last play. If it failed, he had decided to emigrate to America; if it succeeded, he would devote his life to the stage. It did succeed, and Sardou was well on the road to fame.

From that time to the end of the Empire his fecundity was constant. Within ten years he wrote over twenty plays that were produced at the Français, the Vaudeville, the Gymnase, and other theaters. One or two of them—for in-

stance, "La Papillonne" at the Français in 1862—were not well received, but these were the exceptions that proved the rule; and among the others were two of Sardou's most brilliant successes—"Nos Intimes," first performed at the Vaudeville in 1861, and "La Famille Benoiton," given at the same theater four years later.

After the Franco German war Sardou entered on a new and venturesome path. He produced at the Vaudeville on February 1, 1872, a comedy in five acts called "Rabagas," which was a political satire on contemporary events and personages. The piece raised a storm of discussion both in Paris and the provinces. Another comedy following immediately afterwards, called "L'Oncle Sam," was at first prohibited by the censorship for fear of diplomatic complications with the United States, and was performed in New York in 1873 before it was seen in Paris.

Then, after three or four other pieces



The Old Bronze Gates at Marly-le-Roi.
Drawn by L. M. Gluckens from a photograph by Peyer, Paris.



A Family Group in the Garden at Marly-le-Roi.

From a photograph by Pepper, Paris.

—one of which, "La Haine" (Gaieté, 1874), was a failure—there came "Daniel Rochat," a play "with a purpose," presenting various phases of the question, much discussed just then, whether marriage should properly be sanctified by the church. This was produced at the Français in February, 1880, and proved a great success. Another widely debated subject, the permissibility of divorce, furnished Sardou with another idea, and in collaboration with Emil de Najac he wrote "Divorçons" (December, 1880), which was also very successful. The following year he gave "Odette" to the Vaudeville, and then came two spectacular dramas, "Fedora" (Vaudeville, 1882), and "Theodora" (Porte St. Martin, 1884), written for Sarah Bernhardt.

Between 1887 and 1891, besides sev-

eral less notable works, three more plays were written for "the great Sarah," and produced at the Porte St. Martin—"La Tosca," "Cleopatra," and "Jeanne d'Arc"—the second of these being a joint work of Sardou and Emile Moreau. Then in January of the latter year "Thermidor" made its sensational appearance at the Français. The first performance passed off quietly, but on the second night a cabal, organized by a journalist, succeeded in interrupting the play. It was alleged that in this drama of the Revolution Sardou hurt the feelings of some of the ultra republicans, and the government finally prohibited its further performance. It has been given since, however, in the French provinces, in Belgium, and in New York.

Some time previous to this, Sardou had lost his first wife and married again,

his second bride being Mlle. Soulié, daughter of a distinguished legitimist and archæologist at Versailles. In 1877 he was elected, almost unanimously, to fill the chair in the French Academy left vacant by Joseph Autran, defeating both M. D'Audiffet Pasquier and M. Lecomte de Lisle. He had already, ten years before, been decorated with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

Sardou is now sixty three, and age is beginning to tell upon his physique. His high and prominent forehead is well marked with wrinkles, and his thick hair is whitening. He is of medium stature, slight, and almost cadaverous looking. He is very active; his eyes are as quick and the lines of his mouth as ironical as ever.

Play writing has made Sardou a very rich man. He owns a handsome residence on the Rue de Madrid in Paris; a superb château at Marly-le-Roi, and a villa at Nice. Scattered among these three homes he has a wonderful collection of tapestries, precious bric-à-brac, paintings, books, plays, and engravings.

It is at Marly-le-Roi that most of his plays are written. Marly is situated on a high plateau overlooking the beautiful Seine valley. St. Germain, with its forest and terrace, is on the left; Bougival, with its quaint chalets and fair gardens, on the right; while the Seine flows peacefully by at its feet. The entrance to the château is very imposing—a pair of gates of finely wrought bronze, with a Louis Quatorze railing, and, peeping through on either side, a row of those famous stone sphinxes which were at the Paris Exposition of 1867, and which the late Khedive of Egypt presented to the famous playwright. In the garden, gleaming white through the trees, is a statue of Christopher Alegrain, which once belonged to Madame de Pompadour. The old fleur-de-lis coronets and monograms of Henry IV and Marie de Medici on the gates were destroyed; but a curious column dating from the beginning of the seventeenth century Sardou found intact. He had the French and Florentine fleurs-de-lis, and the royal initials, restored.

The playwright's study is in the

middle of the château, on the ground floor, overlooking the garden and commanding a fine view. Sardou is up at six o'clock in the morning, summer and winter, and after taking a first meal of tea or coffee, works until eleven or twelve o'clock, when he stops for lunch. If not interrupted by callers or rehearsals, he resumes his writing, and works until three o'clock, when he lays his pen aside for the day. Then until seven he attends to all kinds of matters connected with his plays—seeing managers, looking after scenery, rehearsing, and so forth. Then comes dinner, a light repast, the playwright being a very simple eater and drinker; and the evening is spent either at the theater or with his family—for Sardou's greatest happiness is to be with his wife and four lovely children.

He is very painstaking with everything he writes. After he has found a subject he thinks it over for months, sometimes for years, and collects in a docket all matter relating to it. When he judges that the time has come for action, he makes a labyrinth of unintelligible signs on sheets of paper; and these are rendered still more incomprehensible by innumerable corrections and erasures. A special copyist—a gifted creature who understands Sardou's writing better than the playwright himself—makes a clean copy, and sends it back to the author. In a few days it is returned to the copyist covered with new corrections—in fact, almost as illegible as the original. Another clean copy is made with the same result, and this operation is repeated four or five times. When entirely satisfied, Sardou reads the play to the company, or rather he acts it, for he is an accomplished comedian. He is also an excellent stage manager, forgetting nothing, foreseeing everything.

Besides his plays, Sardou has published a novel, "*La Perle Noire*" (1862), and one or two volumes of essays.

The writer is indebted to the courtesy of Miss Elizabeth Marbury, Miss Blanche Roosevelt, and Mr. Louis Meyer for some of the photographs and data used in this article.

MA'MOISELLE.

By Florence L. Guertin.

THERE are figures that the world sees tripping along the uneven road of life in a flippant, irresponsible fashion, their twinkling feet barely touching the ground, their buoyant spirits always in the blue ether. The rough places, when met, are skimmed over, and do not retard them. The brambles that scratch and bruise other pilgrims are lightly brushed aside or deftly dodged. Their whole life seems one gala day. But unless they are cut down in the heyday of their youth, there comes a time when pitfalls are met, too wide to be nimbly leaped; when obstacles are encountered that cannot be lightly surmounted; when blows fall too heavy to be escaped, crushing them entirely or developing character that had remained latent; character whose existence by most people was not suspected, and that astounds us by its strength and sweetness; character capable of self denial and even heroic self sacrifice.

"Ma'moiselle" was such a butterfly. She flitted from flower to flower in her own dainty fashion, absorbing what sweetness and pleasure she could from each, and casting the blossom aside when she had deprived it of what had been the best it contained. She was a butterfly that pleased the eye and ornamented the landscape, but one that caused the passer by to shake his head and ask what the end would be. Could she go on in that way forever? Would life always yield her honey, unmixed with gall? Would she ever become serious, less selfish, less flippant? Would she ever marry and settle down? Or, if she did not, would she grow old, as other women did, or forever remain distractingly young and irresponsible as she was now?

Ma'moiselle was no longer a young

girl, people said. At twenty eight it was time that a woman should long since have been at the head of a house, the mother of a growing brood. But Ma'moiselle shook her head and said that she really wouldn't care for it; that she was just beginning to find out how to enjoy herself; that she loved her freedom, her liberty, her good health, her ability to relish the flavor of all things, too much to exchange them for any uncertainty.

The unkind ones said that the real reason was that she loved all men too much to marry one; that she was a disgraceful little flirt, and that they pitied the man who really did win her. And they could not forgive her the fact that, in spite of her frivolity and general undesirableness in their eyes, there were a number of men who were undoubtedly willing, and even anxious, to accept the position of husband to Ma'moiselle, and be led by her the dance that they predicted.

It was Josiah Dalrymple who christened her "Ma'moiselle." She had some French blood in her; and being rather proud of the fact, she did her best to accentuate it. It was hardly an affectation, for her tastes were innately French. She had developed the habit, when a child, of giving an expressive and decidedly foreign little shrug to her shoulders. She could speak the language, too, it being the one study to which she had paid any serious attention, and she loved to chatter it. Dalrymple said that she reminded him of a picture he had once seen in the Paris Salon; a figure in fancy dress, that might have served as a model for "Folly," but was simply catalogued "Portrait of a Young Lady;" and ever afterwards he had called Elise Coudert "Ma'moiselle."

Dalrymple was about as little like a butterfly as she was like a grub. It had fallen to his lot to be one of the toilers of the world, and though still a young man he had won a place and name for himself by his own untiring efforts. He was serious by nature and upright through principle. He believed thoroughly in the gospel of hard work, and knew that success worth having would not come easily. His life was earnest, his purpose unflinching, his amusements few. Ma'moiselle was among the latter. When he had had a particularly trying day, down town, it rested him to drop in, on his way to his rooms, at Mrs. Coudert's attractive home. The drawing room was always light and airy—anything heavy and severe being excluded by Ma'moiselle, whom Mrs. Coudert never opposed; and he could generally have a little chat with Ma'moiselle herself. It was sure not to be a drain on his intellect, while his eye was gratified by the tasteful surroundings, and his ear amused by the conversational twitter, although of Ma'moiselle herself his reason did not always approve. It refreshed him even to scold her, presuming as he often did upon his old acquaintance and the friendship he had had with her brother, now married and living far away.

He went up the steps to her house one afternoon, unusually depressed, on account of business complications, and met young Waterbury coming out. Waterbury was a tall, smooth faced, manly looking fellow, with features like those cut in a cameo, but now pale and set. He went by Dalrymple with an unsmiling nod, and the latter passed into the house.

Ma'moiselle was still in the drawing room, with a countenance that told no tales, but was as serene and fresh as usual. It was absurd, he thought, that she should look so young; and it made him angry to find her so smiling and unruffled when he thought of the despair that he had read in the eyes of the man just gone out.

"What have you been doing to that boy?" he asked, after he had shaken hands and drawn a chair up, near to her.

She laughed, and flushed a little as she replied:

"Nothing, O father confessor, except to tell him how foolish he was. Tea?" she asked questioningly, turning to the cups on the low table beside her, and picking up a thin slice of lemon with the tongs.

"No, thanks," he said shortly; "you know that I hate the stuff. I only take hot lemonade when I have a cold."

Ma'moiselle scored one word in her small mind. It was "grumpy," so she waxed more amiable herself. She moved her chair back a little and faced him. Putting two small feet, in ridiculously pointed, high heeled slippers, on a low footstool in front of her, she let her head rest on the back of her chair and her hands drop, in a resigned fashion, into her lap.

"What is it, Josiah?" she asked, looking at him in a quizzical way—she always called him Josiah when she wanted to tease him—"what is troubling your soul now?"

He got up and commenced to pace the floor, before replying. Then he leaned against the mantelpiece and looked down at her. She felt that he was in one of his most disapproving moods, but glanced up at him innocently.

"I was thinking of young Waterbury," he said, quite seriously. "I am sorry for him."

She turned her head a little uneasily.

"For being so foolish?" she asked, gazing up at the ceiling.

"No," he replied; "he couldn't prevent that. But you might have done so. Why did you not tell him that he was foolish at the beginning of the winter? Why did you let him play the devoted knight to you, going about with you and seeing you day after day, becoming wrapped up in you, only to be told in the end that he was 'foolish'?"

"Because, my dear Josiah"—with unusual sweetness—"you can't tell a man not to fall in love with you, before you are sure that he is going to do it; and after that—well"—with one of the characteristic little shrugs, and a smile that showed her even white teeth—"it's generally too late."

Then, changing to a more plaintive key, she said:

"Don't be disagreeable today, Jo; you know how I dislike disagreeable conversations. And don't stand leaning there, looking down at me as if you were a preacher and I the sinner. I know that I'm frivolous, I know I'm vain—fond to distraction of attention, even. You see I admit it all, so you can't argue with me. I assure you I agree with you. I am quite hopeless. Now sit down"—as he smiled a little—"and be pleasant, and let's drop that tiresome boy. Isn't he handsome, though? What a nose, and what shoulders! I could almost adore him."

Dalrymple dropped wearily into the chair near her.

"I think that I *will* have some tea," he said; "I am tired."

"What? Change your mind weakly, like any woman?" she exclaimed joyously, delighted to think that she had diverted him.

He leaned his head on his hand and watched her fingers fluttering about among the tea things. They were white, with the pinkest of nails, and fairly glittered with rings. He thought she wore too many rings. He had often told her so; but they were the one ornament in the way of jewelry of which she was prodigal.

"I could not live without them," she had once said, holding her palms out with the ten jeweled digits extended in front of her and gazing at them fondly. "They are a moral support to me, really, just as good clothes are, you know. Perhaps you don't understand that, either, but that's because you're not a woman. I love my rings, and really don't believe I could exist without them. They mean so much to me. I love them for the fire they contain, for the sparkle that they give out. If I feel downcast, I move my hands about, and the rings glisten and seem to say, 'Cheer up; there is light and life in me,' and I brighten immediately. They amuse me," she went on, looking down at them again. "This ruby was once a drop of blood in the heart of a carrier pigeon who was bearing a letter from a

knight to his lady fair. But at the end of the journey, an arrow sent by an unerring hand pierced him through, and he fell dead at her feet. She picked him up tenderly, and a drop of his blood crystallizing on her hand, a new stone was created, called pigeon's blood ruby.

"This sapphire is a hexagon cut from a bit of clear Venetian sky. This emerald is a part of the crest of a wave, and the diamonds around it are its foam. And the opal—my dearly beloved opal, maligned for centuries of foolish superstition—is the sea and the sky combined, the fierce flame of the fire and the delicate tint of the sea shell; the strongest and palest colors of nature, fighting for supremacy. That is a stone that is alive—that is the one I love most. My rings are a part of me. I could not give them up. Vulgar, you think, to wear so many? Perhaps so; but at any rate I don't pile on other jewelry. I never could bring myself to be barbarian enough to punch holes in my ears, not even to hang thousand dollar diamonds from them; and as for bracelets, I despise them!" and she held up two round arms, letting the lace from her puffed sleeves fall back to the elbow, showing how bare of ornament the arms were—and how very tapering as well.

"How long have I known you, Ma'moiselle?" Dalrymple asked, as he leaned forward and took the cup she held out to him.

"Eleven years," she replied. "What an age! Don't tell me you remember how old I was then."

"But I do," he replied, smiling a little in his slow way. "I remember perfectly. Eleven years—" He sipped the tea and seemed to be thinking. "And how many lovers have you had since then, Ma'moiselle?"

"How do I know?" she replied, pushing the footstool away somewhat impatiently, feeling that the coming lecture had not been averted after all.

"No, you couldn't be expected to remember, of course," he said; "but I think I do. I have been a spectator, you know. When I first knew you, you were only a child, but you were very

much as you are now. There were danglers even then. The first that I recall were young Winslow and old Howard. They were always hanging around you. Then there was that English chap who blushed so, and the titled Italian whom we all hated because he looked like Mephistopheles. And that awfully nice fellow—Babcock, wasn't it?—who had it worse than some do, and who left so suddenly and went ranching. They say," he went on, looking thoughtfully down into his cup, "that he has—gone to the dogs since."

"Well," she said feebly, "could I help it? I could not make myself love him."

"No," he replied; "of course you couldn't help it. You good women never are to blame for anything. You never drive a man to drink or to folly and ruin. It is always *his* fault if he does any of these things through love of you. You never take a young boy and let him grow to care for you, to make you his ideal, to fairly worship you, only to be laughed at in the end. You never start him in life with false and bitter ideas of women because *one* has disappointed him. You irreproachable women never break men's hearts or wreck their lives. It is always their own fault, you say. There are some sins, Ma'moiselle," he said, speaking very slowly, "that are not down in the decalogue and yet are crimes."

"And by all this you mean," she said quite lightly, "that I am one of the criminals?"

"I mean that you are one of the irreproachable women," he answered, looking at her seriously. "You have been born with a charm—a power to please—I don't know what it is, but I have watched it work destruction for eleven years. You are not the prettiest woman I know, Ma'moiselle, nor yet the most intellectual, but you are the most fascinating, and——"

"Thank you," she interrupted drily. "It was fitting that you should administer that sugar pill after being so brutally frank."

"I am afraid that I feel like being still more frank," he continued; "and perhaps I do not choose my words happily. But I felt sick at heart when I saw that boy at the door, and knew so well what had happened. Where is he now, and what do you suppose he will do tonight?"

"It is not as serious as you think it is," she said gently. "He will get over it."

"Yes," he agreed; "he will get over it. They all do, in time. But the getting over it, ma'moiselle; you don't know what that means. Irreproachable women never do."

"If it was not I that he cared for, it would be some one else," she said in self defense, throwing her hands apart. "How many men marry their first loves?"

"More than you think," he answered; "and I can't see how that argument helps matters much. It doesn't do any good to tell a man who has had smallpox, and whose face is badly scarred, that he might have had it much worse. And though he gets over the disease, he carries the scars, you know, to the grave."

"And you think that I give people emotional smallpox?" she said, gazing down at her priceless rings and turning them around.

"I think that you are one of the irreproachable women," he repeated again. "I don't know any one who can do more harm than an attractive, frank, heartless, good woman. Her frankness disarms men and wins them to her. She seems so sincere—and the rest is easy enough. But she simply plays with them for her own amusement. The desire for lovers is as strong within her as the taste for drink in some men. She moves their strongest emotions, while she never has a flutter above admiration for a straight nose or a godlike physique. She knows her power and finds a fascination in exercising it. It becomes, in time, meat and drink to her, and she goes on for years with no other aim in life than to gratify it. And the end is"—He hesitated a moment.

"Go on," she said coldly. "The

end, Josiah, is what I have been hoping for ever since you began."

"The end is," he said, "that this woman is generally caught in her own snares. She at last finds out that after all she, too, has a poor thing called a heart that is not as lifeless as she thought it. She learns what it is to love and to suffer."

"You mean—?" Ma'moiselle said, leaning forward in her chair, her hands tightly clasped, the color and brightness gone from her face.

"I mean that she at last meets some one to whom she does not in the least appeal; some one on whom all of her wiles are lost; some who one does not care for her. She inspires polite indifference, the most maddening thing in the world—that is all."

If he had brought a lash down on her shoulders he could not have stung her more. She rose quickly and went to the window, standing with her hands still closely clasped in front of her, looking out at the placid passers by. It was some time before she spoke.

"I am trying to think whether I shall take the trouble to answer you or not," she said at last. "You have gone farther than you have ever gone before, and I have let you. I had a morbid curiosity to be present at my own dissection. I am glad to know what you really think of me. But I hate such conversations! I hate such scenes! I am not given to making long speeches, and, as you told me, I am not clever. But whatever my faults are, saying unpleasant things is not among them. Flattery may be part of my wiles, but at least it never hurts. I feel," she said, turning toward him and passing her hand wearily over her forehead—"I feel at least ten years older than I did when you first began."

She leaned a little on a table near her, and his heart smote him, she looked so frail and childish. "Perhaps it is all true, what you have said. Perhaps I am what you think. But what do you know of a woman's heart? What do you know of her inner life and motives? Simply what you observe, and what she is pleased to tell you. Because she does

not wear her heart on her sleeve, or surrender it to some man, are you justified in thinking that she is without one? How do you know that she has not suffered? How do you know that her frivolous life is not an effort to hide it? What right have you to predict pain for her, when——"

She turned away, unable to finish. Dalrymple gazed at her, aghast. Her slender frame was trembling, and for the first time he saw that her eyes looked pained and earnest. He hardly supposed her capable of expressing any emotion save almost childish joy or pleasure; yet now, as he looked at her, he felt as if he had laid bare her quivering soul. He took one step toward her, and held out his hand.

"Ma'moiselle," he said softly, "forgive me."

The front door opened, and in an instant the portières leading from the hall were parted, as Mrs. Coudert entered the room. Dalrymple dropped his hand, and turned to greet her. He did not see Ma'moiselle alone after that, and soon took his departure.

As he stepped into the open air he drew a long, deep breath, and almost doubted the reality of the scene he had had with Ma'moiselle. He was glad that Mrs. Coudert had come in just when she did, before he had had time to take back those cruel, truthful things. It had been the hardest task of his life, but he was glad that he had had the strength to say them. It had settled one thing in his mind. She cared for some one else. She had suffered—she, who never seemed to have a care or a serious thought. It was some one whom perhaps she had known in her early youth—some one whom she had sent away and regretted; some one whom she had found out too late that she loved.

Ma'moiselle in love! Ma'moiselle married! He could not imagine such a thing. He had schooled himself to say that for a friend—a recreation—she was charming; but for a wife—he could imagine no greater folly. What did she know of duty and self sacrifice? He almost laughed at the thought of connecting the terms with her. He walked

along quickly toward his club, and tried to tell himself that he had done right; but Ma'moiselle's eyes, no longer laughing, but dark, with a hurt, pained look in them, haunted him. The sweet, plaintive voice rang in his ears. "What do you know of a woman's heart?" it asked; and he could not still it.

A few days later the worst that he had dreaded for his business came upon him. Every day chronicled fresh failures, and in one of the crashes he saw the enterprise that he had given years to building up, totter and fall like a house of cards; the money he had toiled to amass melt before his eyes. In the opinion of the world he was a ruined man, everything—save honor—gone.

There was nothing to do but to begin again. This he preferred to undertake in another city. He settled his affairs as best he could, and prepared to leave town. He had some money, left him by his mother, and he intended to travel a little before he decided where to locate and again begin the battle of life.

He postponed his good by to Ma'moiselle until the last. He had not seen her since that day when, he now felt, he had presumed—when he had touched upon a wound where he supposed there was nothing but callousness.

She came down in a clinging gown of palest heliotrope, and nestled back among the cushions at one end of the couch. She said that she had not been feeling well; that she certainly must be getting old, for she was developing nerves. And she played with a little gold smelling bottle, holding it occasionally to her nostrils. It was one of her airs, she told him; she never had been known to faint in her life, but simply liked the smell of it. Then there was a little pause in which he felt conscious and constrained, yet could not tell why.

"I am going away, Ma'moiselle," he said at last, looking away from her, "and I could not bear to go without apologizing—without telling you how sorry I am—you understand—for what I said last time."

"Yes," she replied, smiling; "I understand. It was quite tragic, wasn't

it? You will let us hear from you—mother and me? We shall be anxious to know what you are doing."

It was plain that she did not wish to talk of that last conversation, and he became more uneasy than ever. He had wanted to say so much about his repentance, but felt that he had been cut off. He sat and gazed quite stupidly at her hands as they played with the vinaigrette, wondering what made them look so different. They were as white as ever, the nails were as carefully manicured, but—they did not seem like the hands of Ma'moiselle.

He had it at last. The fingers did not wear a ring; and he had never seen her without rings before.

"Your hands look strange, Ma'moiselle," he said. "Your rings—part of you, you know—where are they?"

A wave of color rose, dyeing her throat and face. It filled him with amazement. He sprang to his feet, a sudden thought seizing him. Thrusting his hand deep into his pocket, he drew out a draft, signed by the cashier of a well known bank, but sent to him anonymously. He had not had time to trace it, and did not intend to use it, but believed that some business friend, wishing to help him, had sent it. He gazed now with horror from the slip of paper to the little, ringless hands of Ma'moiselle, then into the eyes that no longer met his, but drooped guiltily.

"Ma'moiselle," he said sternly.

The small hands went up to the face, covering the hot cheeks.

"Ma'moiselle," he repeated less severely, but with reproach in his tones.

Still there was no reply, but the pillows shook, and he knew that she was crying. The next time that he said "Ma'moiselle," it was from his knees beside her, where he gently took the little palms from her face, and looked into her eyes with the lashes all wet. Then he dropped his head on the unadorned fingers, and kissed them reverently, as one kisses the hands of a saint.

When he lifted his head again to take her in his arms, something glistened on the hand of Ma'moiselle, but it was not a diamond.

THE AFFAIR AT ISLINGTON.

By Matthew White, Jr.,

Author of "One of the Profession," "Allan Kane's Friend," etc.

I.

IT was a rainy night, and the house was a poor one. But the members of the company extracted some little satisfaction from reminding one another that they had told manager Roberts how it would be, when he announced that Beverley would be taken in as a one night stand.

"I never saw a good show town yet," declared the first old gentleman, "that wasn't located on a navigable river."

He was talking with Marie Myrwin, the leading woman, just before the curtain went up on the second act. She scarcely heard him. She was feeling utterly miserable. The train had been late, and there was barely time for the company to swallow their dinners and get to the theater. As she did not appear in the first act, she had had it a little easier than the others; but then she had lost her trunk key, the dressing room was a vile place, and now, by the time she was ready to go on, she had a violent headache.

"I shall soon lose my good looks at this rate," she said to herself with a sigh, as, standing in front of the cracked mirror, she gave a final touch of the hare's foot to her make up. "Then half my capital will be gone."

But she had not lost them yet in any degree. Attired in the white evening dress of the ball room scene, the tiara of diamonds in her hair, she was a vision of loveliness as the curtain went up, revealing her to the few citizens of Beverley who had braved the storm to come out and see a play which—with another company—had made a record of a hundred nights in the metropolis.

At the first opportunity Marie swept her eyes disdainfully over the rows of empty seats. How humiliating it was! And what a disappointment the whole life had been to her!

It seemed as if she had never realized this as she realized it tonight; and she had

been in the profession for five years, ever since she was seventeen. The loneliness of it was its most oppressive feature. That excess of fraternal camaraderie, where everybody called everybody else by his or her first name, put out of the question, to her mind at least, any real sincerity of attachment.

She was thinking of this as she toyed with her fan and smiled during her by play with the first old gentleman, while the leading man and the soubrette were holding the center of the stage.

"Why didn't you brace up on a pony, Marie?" Harmon took the opportunity to whisper under cover of a laugh raised by Sophie Waters.

Marie gave a little shiver. Was it possible that she could allow herself to be spoken to in this way day after day and never resent it? But pshaw! How silly she was tonight. What could be the cause of it?

There was no time to speculate on this now, however. Her cue was coming in an instant. She rose and walked toward the footlights, and for a second before she turned for her scene with Harry Vane, she scanned the first two rows of orchestra stalls, curious to see what sort of people this slow little town of Beverley turned out.

"Gilbert Dean!"

She did not even form the words with her lips, but the shock of the recognition was so great that it seemed to her as if she must have shouted the name. She recognized him instantly, in spite of the mustache he had grown since she last saw him, five years before. What a silly quarrel it was that parted them! How different her life might have been were it not for that! She had loved Gilbert Dean as she had never loved any one before or since, and now, as she saw him before her in the full glory of attained manhood, she realized that she loved him still.

"I must have felt his presence in the place," she said to herself, "even though I

was not actually conscious of it. That is why the past has come up before me so forcibly tonight, why Harmon's coarse talk grated on me so. What a contrast between all those by whom I am surrounded now and *him*! It seems hard to believe I am the woman who developed out of the girl he once knew so well."

Had he recognized her? She could not tell. He had given no sign, and she dared not trust herself to look again. But even if he had known her, would he show it? It might be that he had not forgiven her, as she had forgiven him long, long ago. What could have brought him to this little Western town?

Her scene was over now, and she was back in the cramped little dressing room, where her costly robe looked sadly out of place with the rain discolored wall paper and the broken backed chairs. She sat down on one of these, and pressed her hand to her temples. How they throbbed, but it was not with the aching of her head now. Keen excitement, an infinite longing, possessed her. She must speak with him—must ask him to forget her pique on that night so long ago, must tell him how unsatisfying her present life was.

But how could she manage this? She might send the doorkeeper with a note around to one of the ushers, asking Dean if he could not come back and see her for a few moments during the next entr'acte. It would be perhaps a strange thing to do, and it might be that he would not come. Then she would feel more wretched than ever. On the whole she decided that she would not try the experiment.

She tried to think of other things, and took up a novel she had brought to pass away the time while she was off. But she read the words without taking in their meaning.

"Of course he didn't recognize me," she was saying to herself. "I have grown older; my make up changes me, and then there is the other name on the bill."

She dropped the book in her lap, and sat staring out through the open door, at the chaotic confusion of disused scenery stored at the back of the stage. Just then the band struck up a waltz, one of the old favorites, to which she had danced many a time with Dean in bygone days. Every strain sent a fresh recollection pulsating through her brain.

"Oh, I must make at least an effort to see him," she cried under her breath; and she thought how she would chide herself for missing this opportunity when it was past.

She hastily tore out a fly leaf of the paper covered book, and wrote with a pencil she borrowed from a stage hand as he went by:

DEAR GILBERT:

Do you not recognize me in Marie Myrwin? I would like to see you again, in memory of the old days. Can you not come around to my dressing room at the end of this act?

Yours,

ESTELLE.

Folding this into three cornered shape and pinning it together, she went out to the doorman and asked him if he would not send it to the gentleman in the aisle seat, center block, second row of orchestra stalls. Then she returned to her dressing room to wait, more nervous than before, for the answer.

But now her second call for the stage came, and as she went on she saw the usher going down the aisle with her note. During her dialogue with Harmon she managed to watch Dean as he received it. She detected the start with which he turned as he felt the usher's hand on his shoulder, but then she was obliged to cross to a cabinet on the stage and stand with her back to the audience for an instant or two. When she turned around again, Dean was whispering to the lady beside him.

She was not a particularly pretty woman, Marie noticed with some satisfaction. She wondered a little why Dean had selected her as his companion at the play. The next instant she forgot everything else, and almost her lines, in seeing Dean rise and walk out of the theater.

She hardly knew how she got through the rest of the scene. She felt that he had come at once in response to her request, was even now waiting for her in the wings. How she would thank manager Roberts for playing this despised one night stand!

At last the curtain fell. Marie hurried off. Yes, there by the door of her room stood Dean—tall, handsomer than ever.

"Gilbert!"

She just managed to breathe out the word, as she gave him her hand; then they were inside the room, his lips had touched hers, his arms were about her, and she was looking up into his face with all the restful confidence in his affection of the old, old days, that had seemed so far away an hour ago.

"Estelle," he said, holding her off an instant for admiring inspection, "how strange I did not know you till I read the note! I saw the resemblance, but never expected to find you in these surroundings. Ah, dear, how good it is to be with you again!"

"Then you are not sorry I was so bold as to send for you?" she asked, half timidly. "You—you have not forgotten how we parted?"

"That was when we were boy and girl, Estelle," he answered gravely. "It was a childish sensitiveness that separated us. But tell me about yourself. How did you come to go on the stage?"

"Papa lost his money after we went away from Lakefield. Then he died, and I must do something. I was reckless, having lost you, and craved excitement. One of my schoolmates had made a success in light comedy, so I went to a manager and asked him if he couldn't start me. And this is as far as I have got in the five years."

"Then you don't care for the life?" Dean said eagerly.

"Care for it? I hate it. You do not know, none can know but we who have lived it, the miserable substitute for satisfaction that is got out of our profession. To feel that I am the mere puppet to amuse others, that I must put my arms around the neck of men for whom I don't care a fig, must smile and jest when my heart is black with gloom; and beyond all to realize that the world, whether rightly or wrongly, holds me without the pale of respectable society, and gives me of its smiles only when the orchestra pit is between us—all this is too galling to be offset by the glitter and the glare that the audience sees. But why am I wasting the precious minutes lamenting my lot? Tell me of yourself, Gilbert. How came you to be in Beverley?"

"Simply traveling, and stopped here over night to break the journey. How fortunate that I did, now that I have met you here! I never expected to see you again, Estelle."

"I never meant that you should, Gilbert. Our paths have trended too far apart. You should not be here now, perhaps, and yet when I saw your dear face, islanded like a welcoming oasis in that desert of strangers, I could not resist sending to see if you would come. This little talk will help me much in the days that lie before me."

"But I shall see you again, Estelle, surely—tomorrow. How long do you stay here?"

"We leave the first thing in the morning, so you see I must say good by now."

She tried to speak bravely, but though there was a smile on her lips there was almost despair in her eyes. She knew now that Gilbert Dean was not going to say, as she had hoped for a moment that he would:

"Do not live this life another day. Throw up your engagement, and be that which you should have been years ago—my wife." What if he were already married? The thought now occurred to her for the first time. He had started to reply to the information she gave him, after a brief hesitation, when she exclaimed, "Gilbert, tell me something."

"Well?" he queried, smiling down at her, while she paused for an instant, gaining courage to go on. She was thinking of that plain woman who sat beside him.

At this moment there was a knock at the door.

"Miss Myrwin," called out the stage manager, "you must take your cue."

She flung herself on his breast. "Good by, Gilbert," she half sobbed; then she sped away into the wings.

II.

"You missed quite a good deal of the third act, Gilbert. What detained you so long?"

"Oh, an old acquaintance happened to spot me, and couldn't rest till he'd had me out for a chat. Funny I should run across him away out here, isn't it?"

Dean picked up the opera glasses from his wife's lap, and leveled them at Harry Vane, not because he cared particularly about seeing the leading gentleman at close range, but because he felt a flush rising to his cheeks, and wished to conceal it in so far as might be possible. He was not accustomed to lying. His nerves still tingled from his interview with the woman he had thought dead in his affections long ago. He was dazed as yet, feeling the ground of respectability slipping out from under his feet.

She was on the stage now, talking badinage with Vane, a vapid looking fellow with pale blue eyes and a weak voice. How beautiful she looked, and how unhappy she was! How unhappy Dean was himself! And yet, fifteen minutes before, he had been passively contented. Two years previous he had married a girl he did not love, to please his mother. He had thought it no particular wrong at the time. The girl was very fond of him; he loved no one else; it seemed to him that his capacity for loving had been taken away from him when Estelle Osgood went out of his life.

And yet he had not regarded this attachment as so very serious. He was only nineteen when they quarreled and parted. He simply realized that it seemed impossible

for him, as a man, to care for other girls as the boy had cared for Estelle. So he had made two people very happy by proposing to Louise Dartmouth, who brought him a wealth of affection and an opening in her father's establishment in Islington that made him looked up to as one of the wealthy men of the town.

He had been—he was—greatly respected as well. It was the consciousness of this fact that caused his brain to seethe now as he recalled what he had done. And yet, as he watched Estelle Osgood move about the stage, listened to the enchanting tones of her voice, realized that he possessed the power to draw out its tenderest chords—he felt that were he once more permitted to decide, he must do just as he had done.

And yet all the while he recognized the hideous wrong of it. He even took a morbid satisfaction in viewing the affair on all its most abhorrent sides. This for a time; then he began to justify himself. Surely, he reasoned, a man had a right to go to see an old friend, to kiss her even. He was certain he knew of many respected husbands who kissed women who were neither their wives nor their sisters. How absurd in him to try to deceive Louise about it! Why had he not frankly shown her the note and told her that this might be his only opportunity to see a friend of his youth? She might even have gone back with him; she would have been interested in penetrating that usually forbidden region.

And at this point the other reaction set in. He knew that he would not have dared ask Louise to go with him; that he did not want her to see his meeting with Estelle, because, from the first instant that he realized she was before him on the stage, he was conscious that he loved her as he never had loved, never could love, his wife.

"Why don't you applaud, Gilbert? I can make no sort of noise with these gloves on. That little soubrette is very cute, isn't she?"

"Yes, oh yes," he answered mechanically, and began to clap just as the others ceased.

He wondered why his wife did not see that he was terribly distraught. He was so unused to dissimulating. He recalled Sydney Rollins, his chum at college. What an adept he was in the art! "The Two Poles," he and Rollins had been called by their classmates, they were so opposed to each other in their tastes and habits. Dean had never been in a "scrape"; Rollins was scarcely ever out of one. What

if Syd knew of this Estelle Osgood incident in Dean's life? Dean felt that he would almost be willing to tell him for the sake of hearing the ejaculation of amazement it would elicit. Rollins was a bachelor still.

"Too many loves for me ever to settle down with a wife," he would say recklessly, and yet Dean could not imagine him doing as he himself had just done; and with this thought he began to conceive a horror of himself, to liken himself to the sleek hypocrites in long coats and white ties who bring discredit upon the church whose banner they are supposed to uphold.

"Am I like these?" he almost cried out in utter loathing; and then the curtain fell on the third act, and his wife began to ask him how he enjoyed the play.

"How do you like Marie Myrwin?" she went on, luckily not waiting for him to express an opinion. "Rather stagy, don't you think?"

As the play drew toward its close, Dean caught himself wondering if the farewell glimpse of Estelle he had as the curtain fell, would be the last time he would ever see her. At this thought every fiber in his heart rebelled. He could almost feel the impress of her lips upon his own yet. To think that he would never again know the sweet sensation was maddening. He had made no appointment with her; had never even asked to what town she was going next. His brain reeled. He was torn between the conflicting elements of love and self respect. And in the midst of the conflict the curtain fell, with her eyes fixed on his as she formed the central figure in the final tableau.

As Dean put away the opera glasses, and placed his wife's wrap about her shoulders, it seemed to him as if he were preparing to leave paradise.

"I've enjoyed it very much, Gilbert," said Louise, as they walked back to their hotel. "It was ever so good of you to bring me. I know you don't care so much for this sort of thing."

Each word was a stab for Dean, and yet before he slept that night he was hoping desperately that the "Borrowed Plumes" company would embark the next morning for Kansas City, their own destination. In fact, when he came to think the matter over, he could not see very well how they could be going anywhere else. He remembered noticing the low comedian on their train the day before, so they were not bound westward.

"I shall see her again!"

These words repeated themselves over

and over in Dean's mind. That he would be able to speak with her he had no hope. He was not sure that he wished to do so; he was not sure that he could live without doing so.

III.

THE Deans were late in reaching the station the next morning, and had barely time to step aboard the train before it started. Dean glanced hurriedly up and down the platform, but saw no sign of the players. Very likely Estelle was still in Beverley. They took chairs in the second parlor car, and Louise began to chat about some friends in Kansas City.

"Do you think we had better telegraph them we are coming," she said, "or just drop in and surprise them?"

"Oh—er—what is that, Louise?"

Dean was thinking that he was by no means certain that Estelle was not on this train. Nearly every one had been aboard by the time he reached the station. He was wondering what excuse he could make for walking through the cars.

Louise repeated her question, and still Dean was helpless. His mind was so filled with Estelle that it was impossible for him to admit any other topic at short notice.

"I don't know, my dear," he said at length. "I never was good at conundrums."

"Gilbert," exclaimed Louise, turning on him reproachfully, "what has come over you this morning?"

"Haskell, I guess," he replied, trying to laugh it off. "The fellow I was telling you of last night. I think I saw him get on one of the rear cars. I'd like him to know you. I'll go off now and hunt him up."

Dean was amazed at himself. How easily he talked of this subterfuge! He had not seen Haskell; the idea of using him as an excuse for making a tour of inspection occurred to him in a flash.

"You will be back directly, Gilbert?"

"Yes, dear," and he was gone. He seemed to be as helpless as a straw caught in the eddy of a stream that is sweeping it onward to the rapids.

"And that is where I am being swept," he muttered, as he passed through the vestibule into the car behind.

But he did not hesitate; swiftly he walked down the aisle of the common coach, eagerly scanning the faces on either side. He recognized several as belonging to the "Borrowed Plumes" company, but Estelle was not among them. Nor was she in any of the three rear cars.

"It can't be that she remained behind," he said to himself, as he went back to his own car. "It is very odd."

"Well, did you find Mr. Haskell?" asked Louise.

"No; I must have been mistaken."

He tried to think of something else to say, but the words which would come most readily to his tongue were, "What a hypocrite I am!" And yet, with the full realization of this fact, he could scarcely sit quiet, from the impatience that possessed him to ascertain if Estelle were anywhere else on the train.

He tried to think that this would satisfy him, that he could then return to his wife, and be at ease for the remainder of the journey. But he knew very well that it would not be so, knew that if he saw Estelle he could no more refrain from speaking to her than he could still the throbbing of his pulse.

For a while he tried to chat with Louise about her friends in Kansas City. He caught himself hoping that she would wish to stay there awhile. The company would play in a city of that size for probably three nights at least.

Finally, he could control his impatience no longer.

"If you don't mind, my dear," he said, taking a cigar from his pocket, "I shall go forward and smoke for a few minutes. Amuse yourself with this," and he bought a novel from the train boy, who had just made his appearance.

"Don't be long, Gilbert," and as Dean noted the glance she sent after him, and realized that as yet it was all of affection and not of suspicion, he despised himself for his weakness. Nevertheless, he kept straight on past the smoking compartment and entered the coach ahead.

IV.

HE did not see Estelle at first, for the reason that she was so close to him, just at his right in the first chair from the sofa. He sat down on this, and bending slightly forward, said softly, "Estelle!"

She was too well trained an actress to appear startled. She turned around in her chair, and replied simply:

"Why, Gilbert, you here!"

But Dean could see in her eyes the great joy his coming gave her, and from that moment he knew that he would be reckless of consequences.

"I was afraid you were not on the train," he began. "I have been looking for you."

"How comes it you are here?" she rejoined.

"It is a happy coincidence. You see we are on our way home to—"

He stopped quickly, realizing from the look in her eyes that he had betrayed himself by that little pronoun "we."

"Then you are married," she said. "I wanted to ask you last night, but there was no time. You are very happy, I suppose."

What beautiful eyes she had! And she fixed them on him now with a wistful expression that went straight to his heart, and made him long to rise up just where he was, clasp her to him, and cry out to all the world: "This woman belongs to me by all the prior rights of love. Who says that we must keep apart?" For although her words were "You are very happy," he saw that she was thinking "How happy she must be," and the thought that Estelle was hungering for the devotion he had no right to give her well nigh drove him mad. By a powerful effort he controlled himself, and answered: "I am accounted a very fortunate man in Islington, where I live."

For an instant there was silence between them. Just then the train slowed up a little, and they had quite a distinct glimpse of a tiny cottage by the track. There was an arch of honeysuckle over the porch, and framed by it now stood a young girl. A sturdy fellow in overalls, and with a tin pail in his hand, stood on the steps beneath her, and an instant before the picture was blotted from the view of those two on the express, the girl bent down and kissed him.

"Love in a cottage is sweet," Dean leaned forward to whisper. The whisper ended in a half sigh.

"My poor boy," said Estelle, "you are *not* happy."

"How can I be happy," he replied passionately, "when I have missed having you to make me so?"

"But, Gilbert, you have no right to say that to me."

"Yes, I have a right," he went on doggedly. "I want you to know, Estelle, that I did not marry for love, but to please my family, and—because I thought I could never really care for any woman again after losing you."

"Please, don't, Gilbert. Don't you see—don't you realize that you are making it very hard for both of us?"

"But it seems so unjust, so cruel," he went on blindly; "and if we can obtain some little satisfaction out of talking of what might have been, may we not allow ourselves that?"

"No, dear; because you risk too much. For me it does not matter so much; I am only an actress."

"For the love of heaven, Estelle," he pleaded, "don't speak of yourself in that strain. You will make me rail more fiercely at fate than ever, to think I am not permitted always to be with you, to protect you from the affronts to which you must be exposed. Tell me, when you play in the large cities, who goes with you from the theater to the hotel?"

"Oh, sometimes one of the company, sometimes another. It depends on what other engagements they have."

"And I suppose when they all happen to have these engagements you go alone?" Dean interjected, gnawing at the ends of his mustache.

"It has happened that way sometimes," Estelle admitted.

Dean ground his heel into the carpet.

"And must I feel that it will happen again," he muttered; "realize that much as I care for you, I am powerless to give you the protection you need?"

Estelle looked into his eyes; there were tears in her own.

"I fear," she murmured, "that just now I stand more in need of protection from you than from any one else."

"What do you mean?" he asked quickly, his face white.

"If I had known you were married, Gilbert, I would not have sent for you last night. It was not right for you to come, to—to greet me as you did."

"Heaven help us, Estelle. I could not have done otherwise."

She raised her hand in protest.

"Do not make it harder for me than it is, Gilbert. Ever since I have found out that you were bound to another, oh, how earnestly I have wished I had not seen you last night!"

He bent forward eagerly, and barely restrained himself from snatching her hand.

"Don't say that, dear," he murmured beseechingly. "Full of torture as our position is, I would not have missed knowing what I know now for life itself. Think, since I have come to man's estate, I have not realized what it is to love till last night. Is that not worth all the pain of loving?"

"But you are playing with fire. Every syllable spoken thus is an insult to your wife. There is only one thing for you and me to do; we must not see each other again."

"You condemn me to unhappiness, then—you, Estelle, who have it in your power to make my life one long Elysium!"

"That is not true, Gilbert; not now, at least. Your wife stands between us. There could be no real happiness for us, however reckless we might be. You will forget me again, as you have forgotten me once, and I—I will forget you."

There was a catch in her voice as she added this last. Dean's heart ached for her. He was about to speak, when she went on again quickly, as if fearing what he might say: "Your wife is with you on this train, then?"

"Yes," Dean said. "We merely stopped in Beverley over night. She dreads the sleeping cars."

"And does she know that you are talking with me?" Estelle went on.

Dean flushed slightly.

"No," he replied; "she imagines that I am in the smoking compartment."

"And you are deceiving her on my account. That is not like the Gilbert of the old days."

"I am not that Gilbert. He was a purposeless, thoughtless boy. I am a man, dominated by a passion whose seeds were sown in those halcyon days which we never half appreciated. Am I to sit down calmly to my humdrum existence, and deny my soul a moment's true happiness?"

"But you made this life your own, did you not?"

"Yes, but then I did not know that you were so dear to me. I thought that the regard I had for you was a boyish whim, which absence had caused to wither and die. When I think——"

"No," she interposed. "You must not think on this theme. You must not be with me. It is time already that you left me and returned to your wife."

"Not yet," Dean pleaded. "I may never see you again."

"It is not 'may'; you *must* not see me again. Good by." She held out her hand, but he did not take it.

"Not now; just a little longer," he begged, adding, with a smile: "A cigar would not be half smoked yet."

The smile was not reflected in her face.

"That you resorted to such a subterfuge shows me how necessary it is that I should not allow you to see me at all. Did you tell your wife just why you left her in the theater last night—that you came to pay me a visit?"

"No."

"It will be all the harder for you, then, when she learns the truth. If any harm arises from that call of yours on me, I shall never forgive myself."

A weary look came into her eyes. She rested her head against the back of her chair.

"I can't allow you to blame yourself in this way, Estelle," Dean said. "A thousand to one I should have recognized you before the play was over, and gone back to see you of my own accord. And now I want you to promise me something."

"Yes, Gilbert. What is it?"

She wondered if she could endure the ordeal much longer. Looking down the dreary vista of her life, she was appalled. The only way was not to think of it. But with this man beside her, his very presence reminding her of what might have been, what should have been, the desolation of that which was, which would continue to be, was forced inexorably upon her.

"Promise me this, Estelle," Dean went on, "that if you are ever in any trouble, if there is anything in the wide world I can do for you—promise me, dear, you will let me know. Who has a better right to aid you than your oldest friend?"

"He would have the best right," she replied, "if—if he were not more than a friend."

"Never mind about that. Your promise!"

"Will you go, then?"

"Yes."

"Then here is my hand on it."

Dean rose. "God bless you, Estelle," he murmured under his breath; and "I promise. Good by, Gilbert," she said.

Then he hurriedly went out, and crossed back to his own car.

V.

SEATED in the smoking compartment, Dean tried to restore his nerves to their normal tension before going back to his wife. But it was a difficult task. His interview with Estelle had convinced him of the fact that she cared deeply for him, so that now to love was added compassion. Over and over in his mind he repeated her every word; every varying expression of her face was photographed there indelibly.

"How brave she is!" he told himself. "May I have the strength to be as heroic a man as she is a woman, and do that which will raise, not lower me in her eyes!"

Even while this resolve was forming, it was all Dean could do to remain where he was, when he realized that only a few steps would take him into the next car, where Estelle was sitting—alone. Only by reminding himself that he was doing her will was

he enabled to stay and smoke his cigar out. Then, resisting an almost overpowering temptation again to enter the coach ahead, he returned to his wife.

She was eagerly awaiting him, anxious to talk over a situation in the novel he had bought for her, in which the interest centered on a *mariage de convenance*.

"It seems to me," she said, "that they should have separated as soon as they found that it was really misery for them to live together. Don't you think that would be better, Gilbert, than constant bickering?"

"But that would be hard for the one who loved," Dean rejoined, his thoughts on an instance that was not in a novel.

"It couldn't be," Louise went on, "for, don't you understand, neither loved the other. They went into the thing with their eyes open, and both soon awoke to the fact that they were equally miserable. And I dare say this fiction finds many a counterpart in fact. It has made me realize what a happy woman I am. Why, do you know, Gilbert, it has seemed to me as if our honeymoon had never waned."

"That is what all true marriages should be, my dear," Dean replied: "a perpetual wedding journey."

He despised his own hypocrisy as he spoke the words, but there was now in his mind a grim determination to be a true husband to Louise, to accept his lot as Estelle would have him do.

"Sometimes it seems to me," Louise continued, "as if I had too much happiness, more than my share. You know there are so many marriages where love, like riches, takes wings after the first few months, and flies away."

What tortures Dean was suffering! Contempt for himself, pity for Louise, anxiety and fearful foreboding for Estelle—all these emotions were commingled in his heart. He could scarcely command his voice to make reply.

The day wore on. When the dining car was attached Dean hoped he might see Estelle, even if he were not permitted to speak to her; but she did not appear. When he went to smoke his after dinner cigar, it called for the mightiest effort of his life to refrain from stepping into the forward coach to inquire how she was. She had grown very pale toward the end of their interview, he recalled. But no; he must not go.

He went back to his wife, and they chatted over plans for some alterations in their house, till dusk began to descend. Then a silence fell upon them, and, each gazed out

over the dreary landscape of flat plains, with only here and there a tree, and scarcely ever a house.

"As monotonous as my life will be," Dean muttered to himself.

Would he be able to endure it? How far could he trust himself? "Till death us do part." This phrase of the marriage service came to his mind. He must expect no happiness out of life, only a passive submission to the inevitable. "May it be short, then," was the half impious wish that formed itself in his breast.

The train had been running very swiftly; darkness had just closed in about it; the lamps were lighted, making the interior bright and cheerful. Louise put out her hand to draw the shade and shut out the lonesome prairie—a jar, a crash, and instantly they were hurled from their seats. Women shrieked, men were white with fear. A wild stampede was made for the doors.

Dean seized his wife in his arms, and a moment later they were out on the ground. Shrieks of agony filled the air; a car, shattered into almost a shapeless mass, lay before them where it had plunged from the rails. Flames had already started, and it seemed as if none within would escape. And it was the first Pullman coach, the one in which Estelle rode.

Dean felt as if he were going mad. Seizing an axe he remembered seeing in their own car, he dashed almost into the very midst of the flames. In a frenzy he worked to cut away the imprisoning timbers, for now he saw her, helpless, but mercifully unconscious, close to him, and yet apparently doomed. It was a race between himself and the conflagration. The man won, by a hair's breadth, and with the only woman he had ever truly loved in his arms, he staggered out from under the breath of the flames that an instant later would have swept over them both.

His wife was watching for him, and she it was who knelt beside his unconscious burden when he had placed her on the grass.

"My brave boy," she exclaimed, "you have saved her life; but she must not stay here. Is there no place where she can be carried and made comfortable? Gilbert, look about and see if you cannot find a house."

And Dean went off, leaving those two together—his wife and the woman he loved. But he thought little of this just now. His chief concern was for Estelle's safety, for till she was herself again, till she looked at him

with eyes that recognized who was before them, he could not feel that his act of rescue was complete. He knew that behind him he left a tragedy, for he had seen more than one dead body carried out of that shattered car; but one life was all with which he was concerned, and he kept on till he found a farm house, whose inmates he startled by his announcement of the railroad accident.

Checking the torrent of questions that were showered upon him, he quickly arranged with the farmer to bring a wagon to the scene of the wreck. There was a physician among the passengers, whom Louise had found out and brought to the side of the woman she had watched over faithfully during her husband's absence.

"He says that she will be all right, but she needs care and attention, Gilbert," she told him now. "She seems to be all alone. We will go with her to the house, and see that she is made comfortable."

Dean could as yet scarcely realize that all their plans had been changed so suddenly, and by Estelle, of all people. The thought that he had been permitted to save her life thrilled him, and yet, at the same time, inspired an awful fear. He was sensible that having risked so much for her, she was now more than ever endeared to him. Fate seemed determined to throw them together, to test him to the uttermost. How should he be able to conceal his feelings from his wife?

And Estelle herself? What would she

think, she who had counseled so insistently that they two must not see each other again? Precious as this opportunity of being with her, of being permitted to care for her, would be to him, it must needs be a pleasure much fraught with pain to them both.

Louise had not yet recognized in Estelle the actress she had seen the previous evening. She was indefatigable in her attentions, her quick woman's sympathy going out unrestrainedly to this sister who had escaped so narrowly from a horrible death, whom her own husband had saved.

Estelle was unconscious still. Louise held her head against her breast during the drive up to the house, now and then gently stroking the hair back from the white temples. It seemed to Dean as if some awful catastrophe were impending. To have Estelle so close to him and in trouble, and not be able to take her in his arms and claim the right to protect her, would be torture enough; but to realize that his wife was filling these offices, all unsuspecting of the truth, sent a dagger thrust to his soul, and called out upon his brow the heavy drops of anguish.

What would Estelle say when consciousness returned? How could he steel himself to see and talk with her before Louise as he would to a perfect stranger, which his wife naturally thought her to be? The tragedy of death they had left behind them, he told himself, was as nothing to the tragedy of life which might lie before.

(To be continued.)

APOLLO AT THE PLOW.

FAITHFULEST and dearest of the friends I have,
 Forgive me for the weakness which I show,
 That while youth is, its nerve, its spur, its glow
 Are quite consumed. Forgive me that I crave
 A deep repose, aye, even in the grave.
 Forgive me that the fires of hope burn low—
 Condemned to ignominious steps and slow
 'Mong ravin wolves within a prison cave.
 If thou couldst see me now! But what I was
 Thou knowest well; and from thy memory
 Ambition's shape will rise, then quickly pass
 To me, the Sampson of these grinding days;
 Apollo plowing lorn and ruefully,
 His harp abandoned in the flowerless ways.

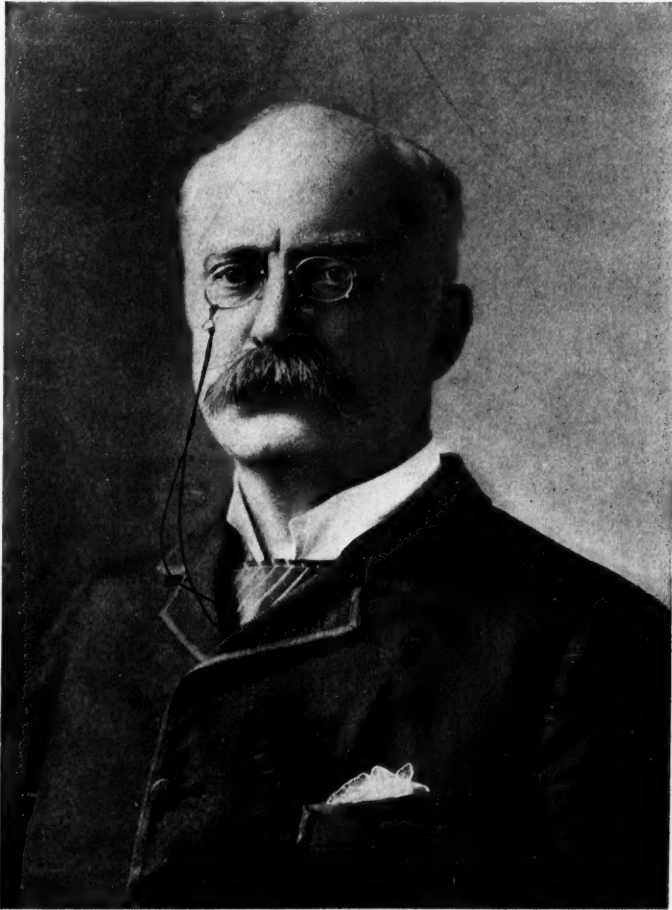
Edgar Lee Masters.

OUR AMERICAN DRAMATISTS.

The clever men who are writing American plays—Bronson Howard, Augustus Thomas, Carleton, Belasco, and many others—The brilliant reward of success in writing for the stage, and the extreme difficulty of the path that leads to it.

By Arthur Hornblow.

AT no time in the history of American theatricals were there so many native authors writing for the stage as at present. Twenty five years ago the native playwright was practically unheard of. No one believed in him; he did not believe in himself. English and French plays alone were



Bronson Howard.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

the fashion. But in 1870, when Mr. Bronson Howard produced his first comedy, "Saratoga," and convinced American managers that an American author could please an American audience, he laid the foundation stone of our playwrights' present prosperity.

out of "Alabama." Charles Hoyt's pieces have given him half a million.

Success is sweet, but how difficult is the path that leads to it may be inferred from the fact that of the several hundred persons writing for the stage not more than ten support themselves on their



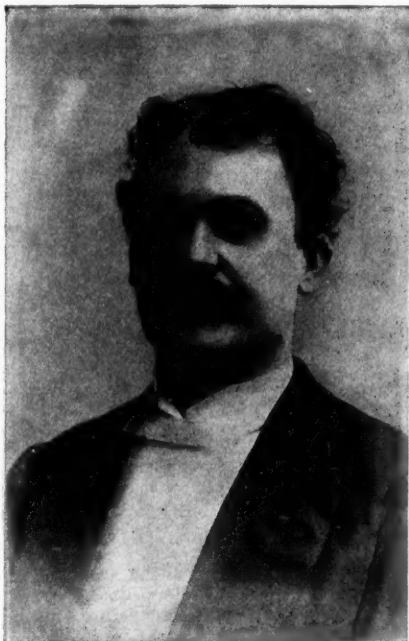
Henry Guy Carleton.

From a photograph by Conly, Boston.

Few professions hold out so great a reward to success as that of the dramatist; and when success comes, it comes quickly. Bronson Howard, who began life as an impecunious journalist, has now an income of nearly \$40,000 a year. The late H. C. De Mille, joint author with David Belasco of several metropolitan successes, made \$50,000 in three years. Mr. Belasco's royalties from "The Girl I Left Behind Me" alone amounted to nearly \$1,000 a week. Augustus Thomas made a small fortune

royalties. The remainder are newspaper critics, reporters, lawyers, doctors, school teachers.

I remember that one night, at a banquet given by the American Dramatists' Club to Henry Irving, this fact was mentioned by John W. Keller, who, looking round the table, added: "I do not see one man among all these dramatists who supports himself by his plays alone." Sitting directly opposite was Edward E. Kidder—an excellent poet as well as a dramatist, and he protested



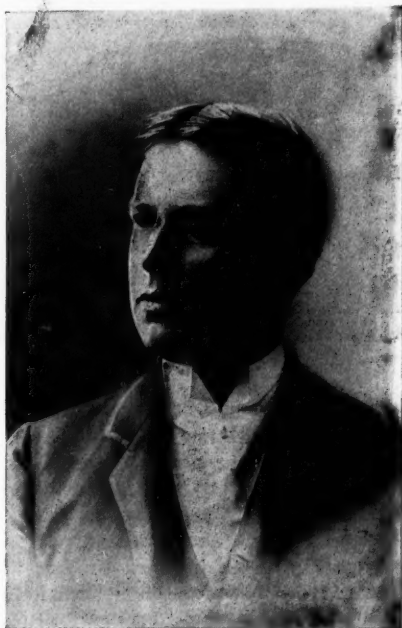
Edward E. Kidder.

that his plays were his sole source of income. "Do you get nothing, then, for your poetry?" retorted Mr. Keller, and Mr. Kidder was silent.

Charles Frohman, one of our shrewdest theatrical managers, speaking of the difficulty in finding a good play, said to me recently: "During the last twelve years I have read hundreds of plays which have been sent in to me by strangers, and always in the hope of finding something good; yet I assure you that in all that time I have not come across one single play that was worthy of production. The same scarcity of material exists abroad. During the past seven summers spent in London I did not find one play of the hundreds submitted worthy of the slightest attention. This goes to show how difficult play making is, and how few writers succeed in this direction. The men whose names are attached to plays here and abroad, and who may be strangers to the public, are by no means strangers to the stage. They are all veteran playwrights, and their first success has been won after years of failure."

By priority of age and dramatic successes both, Mr. Bronson Howard stands at the head of American dramatists. His play "Saratoga," already mentioned, was the first comedy of its class written by an American on an American subject to command attention.

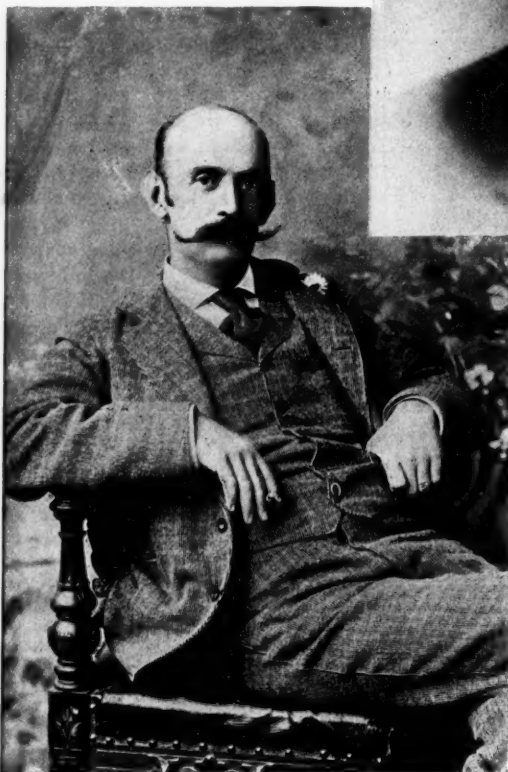
Mr. Howard was born in Detroit in 1842. He received a liberal education, and was intended for the law, but his eyesight failed, and he embraced journalism as a profession. In 1867 he joined the staff of the *New York Evening Gazette*. He was afterwards connected with the *Evening Mail*, the *Tribune*, and the *Evening Post*. While on a second visit to England, in 1880, he was married there to the sister of Charles Wyndham. His first play, "Saratoga," was followed by "Diamonds," which had a prosperous run of fifty six nights. In 1878 he produced "Hurricanes," a play adapted from the German, and in the following year came "The Banker's Daughter," which was staged by A. M. Palmer with great success. "Wives," an adaptation from the French, followed; then came the successful "Young Mrs.



Augustus Thomas.

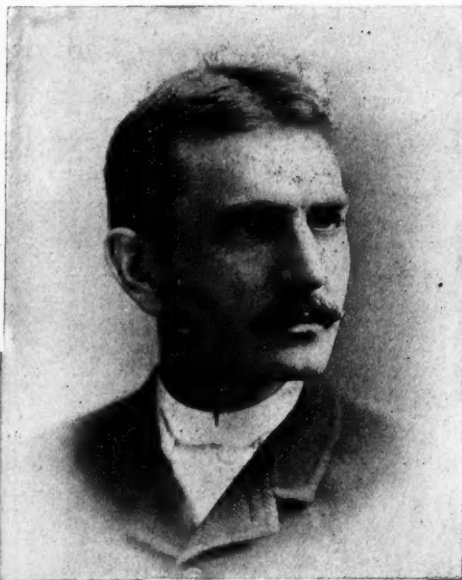
Winthrop," and "One of Our Girls." In 1887 Mr. Howard wrote "The Henrietta," which has remained one of the most successful of American plays; and two years later came "Shenandoah," which secured his fortune.

The popularity of this now familiar war play has been extraordinary. As is often the case with great successes, nobody placed any value on the piece be-



J. Cheever Goodwin.

fore it was produced. Several shrewd and experienced New York managers had read the manuscript and rejected it, and it was first produced in Boston in the latter part of the season of 1888-89. Its success in the New England capital was nothing extraordinary—in fact, it almost failed; but there was a man in the audience who saw great possibilities in it, and that man was Charles Froh-



William Gillette.

man. At that time Mr. Frohman was not the important man in theatrical circles that he is today. It was his purchase of "Shenandoah," and his subsequent success with it, that placed him in the front rank of the theatrical managers of this country.

"Aristocracy," the latest comedy from Mr. Howard's pen, was not as successful as some of the earlier plays, although it ran for a long time in New York and other cities. He is now busy upon another piece for Mr. Frohman, which may be seen this season.

Mr. Howard's time is divided between New York, New Rochelle, and London—in which last city he is as much at home as in his native country. "The first six months of the construction of a play I spend in smoking and meditation," he said recently. "During that time I make notes on anything which, to my mind, possesses dramatic possibilities. It took me two years to think out 'The Henrietta,' while the writing of it occupied

but six months. That is about my average division of time in making a play. I get my ideas from the world, from travel; seldom from books. I have these ideas simply because I do not allow myself to step into my study and write out of my inner consciousness, so to speak. I make it an invariable rule never to put a line upon paper till I have thoroughly developed the situations. That is the desired end! Not the plot, mind you, but the situations."

A thoroughly representative American playwright is Augustus Thomas, author of that successful play, "Alabama" and that charming idyl, "In Miz-zoura." Mr. Thomas was born in the South about thirty eight years ago, and in his youth became familiar with the Southern types so faithfully delineated in his plays. Later in life he was connected with the press in Kansas City, and then acted as box office clerk at Pope's Theater, St. Louis. His first dramatic work to attract attention was a one act piece entitled "The Burglar." This was produced in New York about eight years ago at the Lyceum, and a child actress who played in the piece so captivated the author that he sent her to Vassar to be educated. Today she is his wife.

In 1890 A. M. Palmer produced a one act play by Mr. Thomas called "A Man of the World," which was very successful. A few months later his three act pastoral, "Alabama," placed him in the front rank of our native playwrights. "Alabama" was by no means a great drama. The story was conventional, even trite, but it had local color and atmosphere, and its character drawing was excellent. It was, moreover, admirably staged by Mr. Palmer, and admirably played by his company. "In Miz-zoura," a more recent play, written for Nat Goodwin, is unquestionably the best work Mr. Thomas has yet turned

out. After the recent failure of "New Blood," it is evident that he is not the dramatist of the drawing room, but the poet of the fields and country lanes.



David Belasco.

One of the most promising of all the men now writing for the American stage is Henry Guy Carleton, soldier, poet, journalist, and dramatist. Eighteen years ago Mr. Carleton resigned his commission in the Eighth Cavalry to enter journalism in New Orleans, and half a dozen years later he came to New York. His first play was a tragedy in blank verse entitled "Memnon," for which the late John McCullough paid \$5,000, but which was never performed. His second, "Victor Durand," was produced in December, 1884, at Wallack's, with great success. "The Pembertons," "Ye Earlie Trouble," and "The Lion's Mouth," which followed later, were not so well received as his latest pieces, "A Gilded Fool" and "The Butterflies."

David Belasco has often been called the American Sardou. His methods in play making certainly resemble those of the famous French dramatist. He has

can plays ever written—"The Charity Ball," and "Men and Women."

Mr. Belasco's most recent play, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," written in collaboration with Franklin Fyles, the well known dramatic critic of the New York *Sun*, was also highly successful. Another play, entitled "The Heart of Maryland," may be produced by A. M. Palmer this season.

Another name familiar to the theater going public is that of Sidney Rosenfeld, who was born in Richmond, Virginia, in 1855. He first made his reputation by writing burlesques on the plays in vogue, the most successful being those on "Rose Michel" and "Fedora." Then he devoted his attention to libretto writing, turning out no fewer than twenty five books for McCaull and Aronson. His first dramatic effort was an adaptation from the German, called "Dr. Clyde," which was very successful financially. Then came "Florinel," a romantic play produced at the old Park Theater; "A Possible Case," and "The Lady or the Tiger." He col-

laborated with the late Mr. D. Lloyd in the production of "The Senator"—or, rather, completed that play, which was left in an unfinished condition at Mr. Lloyd's death. The money he made with this well known piece he lost on "The Stepping Stone," which was a total failure, although the playwright still maintains that it is his best work. It is said that he lost \$30,000 in trying to force it into popularity. "The Whirlwind," which followed later, was scarcely more fortunate. Then "The Club Friend," written for Roland Reed, was fairly successful, and "The Passing Show" recently had a long run at the Casino.

William Gillette, the author of that well known war play "Held by the Enemy," has not produced anything of



Franklin Fyles.

From a photograph by Perry, Cresson Springs, Pa.

the same genius for stage effect, and the same skill in drilling companies.

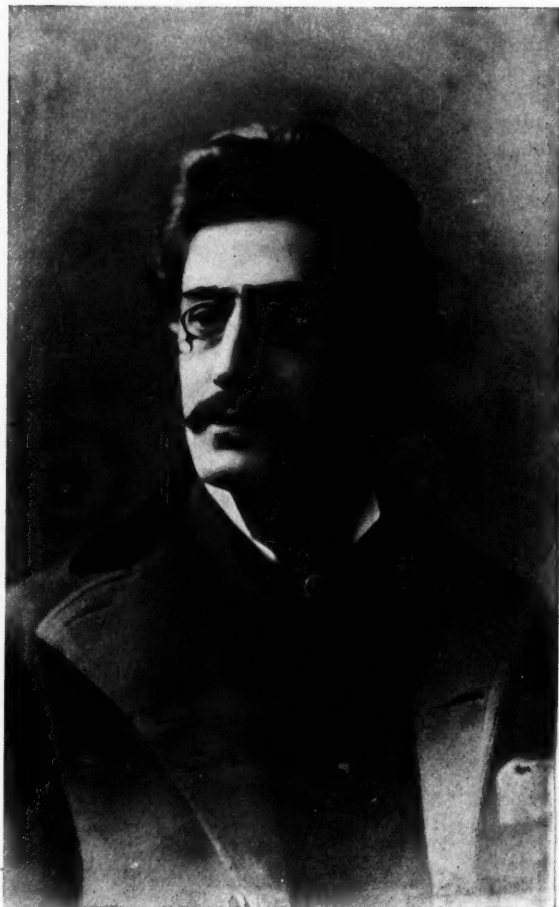
Born at San Francisco of English parents in 1858, Mr. Belasco's whole life, practically, has been spent on the stage. He rose from a call boy's position to be manager of the Baldwin Theater, San Francisco. In 1880 he became connected with the Madison Square Theater in New York, where he produced, with unbroken success, "May Blossom," "La Belle Russe," "Hearts of Oak," and "Valerie," a version of Sardou's "Fernande." Upon Daniel Frohman's departure from the Madison Square to the Lyceum in 1885, Mr. Belasco went with him. Soon after he formed that literary partnership with the late Henry C. de Mille which resulted in "The Wife"—one of the most popular Ameri-

importance of late, although he is said to have completed an original comedy. Mr. Gillette's pieces have mostly been adaptations from German and French plays, among his best known being "The Private Secretary," "All the Comforts of Home," and "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows." He suffers considerably from ill health, and lives a very secluded life in Hartford, Connecticut, where he was born. His royalties from the performances of "Held by the Enemy" are reported to have exceeded \$80,000.

Edward E. Kidder, the author of Sol Smith Russell's play "A Poor Relation," has been writing for the stage for the last ten years. During that time he has turned out twenty one plays, produced seventeen of them, and made successes of thirteen, besides having rewritten and touched up a great many that are now on the road. At present he is at work on his fourth play for Mr. Russell.

Mr. Daly, whose career as a journalist and manager is too well known to need relating here, has written upwards of fifty plays — many being adaptations from the French and German, and some original. Among the latter are "Under the Gaslight," "Norwood," and "Griffith Gaunt." Every foreign play produced at Daly's is adapted under his personal supervision, but of late years he has not undertaken original work.

Charles H. Hoyt, one of the most successful of our playwrights, was born in 1860. His first piece was "Gifford's Luck," a story of Western life; but his great success has been made in farce comedy—a dramatic field which so many managers have found profit-



Sidney Rosenfeld.

able, and in which Hoyt was a pioneer. A long series of his farces, beginning with "A Bunch of Keys," and ending with "A Temperance Town," have all been great money winners. They have, of course, no literary or artistic value, but they are good of their kind, and Mr. Hoyt is the most successful writer of farce comedy in America today. Four years ago he secured control of the Madison Square Theater in New York.

Edward Harrigan is our local Molière, being playwright, actor, and manager all in one. He has been very successful in the three capacities, and owns the handsome playhouse near Broadway which bears his name. The

materials he uses in his pieces are those with which great dramas are made—the life of the people, with its intense sufferings and its intense joys. Yet he hardly succeeds in making a play, although he has given us a series of absurd, albeit amusing, entertainments. Most of the types he presents are ridicu-

delightful stage pictures of country life and studies of character.

Space does not permit an extended notice of all the authors who have achieved success in writing for the stage. Briefly, I may mention Clyde Fitch, author of "Beau Brummel"; Paul M. Potter, of "Sheridan"; Edward



Clyde Fitch.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



Charles Hoyt.

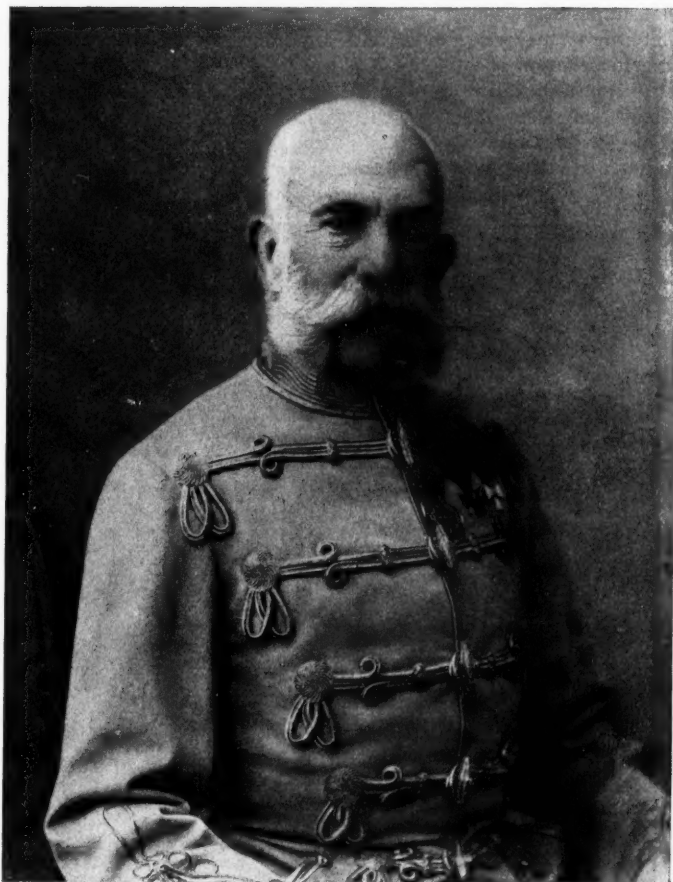
From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

lously overdrawn, and it is this tendency to exaggeration that mars all his work.

James A. Herne, also an actor, playwright, and manager, has gained prominence of late owing to the success of his New England play, "Shore Acres." Mr. Herne is a reformer. He believes in realism on the stage; not the repellent realism of some of the French playwrights, but the truthful mingling of what is ugly and vicious in life with what is beautiful and pure. "Shore Acres" is a melodrama, and yet not a melodrama. The old materials have been dressed up in new forms, with some sacrifice of plot to the elaboration of details. The play is a series of

Paulton, of "Niobe"; Martha Morton, of "The Merchant"; Margaret Merington, who wrote "Captain Letterblair"; Charles Barnard, author of "The County Fair"; Clay M. Greene, of "The New South"; Frances Hodgson Burnett, of "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; Joseph Arthur, of "Blue Jeans"; and J. Cheever Goodwin, the librettist of "Erminie."

Among others whose names are associated with play making are: Grattan H. Donnelly, C. T. Dazey, Herbert Hall Winslow, R. A. Barnett, Harrison Grey Fiske, Charles Klein, William R. Wilson, Glen McDonough, Lorrimer Stoddard, William Gill, Elwyn A. Barron, J. R. Grismer, and Alfred Thompson.



Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria.
From a photograph by Köller, Buda-Pesth

THE UNHAPPY HAPSBURGERS.

The romance of the imperial family of Austria—The ill fate that has pursued a proud, rich, and ancient house, and the coming perils that overshadow its empire.

By Henry W. Fischer.

A MONUMENT was erected to poor Louis of Bavaria the other day, and simultaneously the bust of his successor, the Prince Regent Luitpold, was wrecked. But Rudolph of Hapsburg still sleeps in an unmarked grave, which, but for a papal dispensation, would be bare even of the cross.

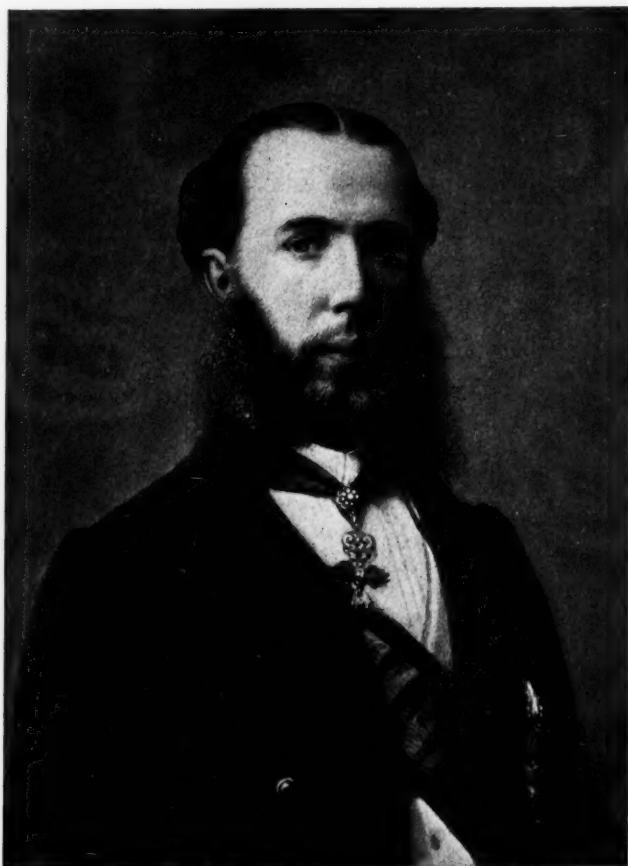
"Holy father, pray decide whether

my poor son is to have Christian burial or not, exactly like any other man. I wish for no favor. As for myself, I am determined to abdicate." Thus wrote the Emperor Francis Joseph on the 28th of January, nearly six years ago, giving the telegram to the operator with his own hand.

"Like any other man!" The con-

viction that imperialism is but a cloak came too late, by twenty years or more, to the living incarnation of fatality who manages to keep from falling to pieces that colossus on feet of clay—the Austrian-Hungarian Empire. Francis Joseph, himself a victim of the unen-

With the Hapsburgers it is either feast or famine, intellectually and ethically—a historic fact which Francis Joseph left out of his calculations when deciding upon the training and cultivation of Rudolph's character. The maxim of Frederick the Great, expressed in one



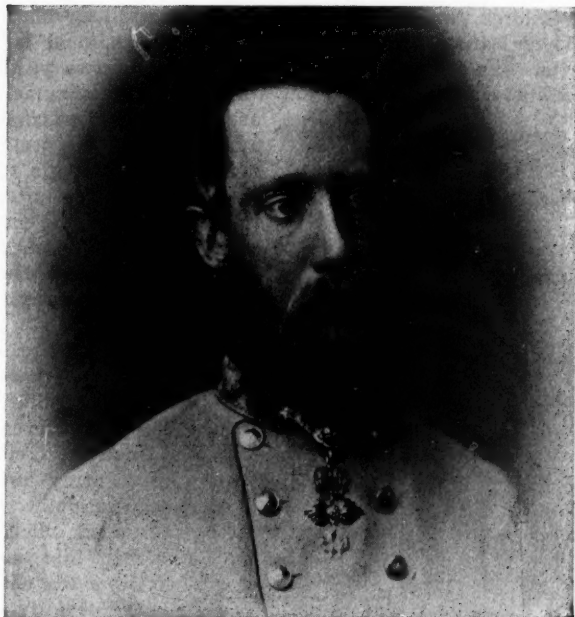
Archduke Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico.

From a photograph by Ghémar, Brussels.

lightened education of the times previous to 1848, brought up his son in the conviction that "humanity only starts into being with the baron"; that in order to show breeding it is necessary for a gentleman to keep himself aloof from the intellectual life of the country; that a monarch must consult only his own conscience, his own will, in dealing with the happiness of nations.

of his cabinet orders, that "noble birth and titles are only tomfooleries, and everything depends upon a person's own merits" had not yet penetrated to Austria. There the nation's great, even to this late day, steadfastly refuse to shed their prejudices against intellect and moral distinction.

Rudolph grew up to be a man "too full of his birth," as his ancestor,



Archduke Louis Victor.
From a photograph by Löwy, Vienna.

Joseph II, put it. In esprit and knowledge he stood head and shoulders above the crowd of princes that were his sole companions. He learned to scorn, then to despise them; and finally, out of sheer contempt for his surroundings, he became a *roué*, "possessing no other merit than that which he owed to chance — the name of a gentleman." The late Lord Lytton, who spent several years in the diplomatic service at Vienna, was wont to tell the following anecdote of Austrian high life. "At a *soirée* at Prince Lichtenstein's," he said, "I took the liberty of inquiring of my neighbor, a dowager countess, if she was acquainted with Madame

X., a celebrated writer and poetess. 'My lord,' she answered in freezing tones, '*c'est un autre monde*. It is another world you are referring to.' "

The world of ideas being officially closed to Rudolph, by reason of his great birth, he sought for friends in the *demi monde*. In the coming century, when *fin de siècle* history will be surveyed by unbiased masters of the pen, viewing the present battle between liberalism and feudalism from the calm heights of posterity, the puzzling Meyerling drama will not only be fully explained, but will be reduced to its true sentimental im-



Archduke Charles Louis.
From a photograph by Adels, Vienna

portance. Our children's children, in that enlightened future, will have learned to detest Cæsarism in every form, and to wonder at the audacity of an aristocratic

we shall vote it quite an ordinary affair. The suicide of Emily Rossi and her artist lover, which occurred two years ago in New York, surpassed it in melancholy purpose and tragical character. The death of Rudolph will begin to make history only after that of his father, the emperor. Francis Joseph is but sixty two, and the Hapsburgers are proverbially long lived.

During my frequent sojourns in Austria I have heard half a dozen different versions of the Meyerling affair, none of them authoritative, many unfit for publication. A high government official in Buda-Pesth told me that apart from the witnesses of the tragedy—two army officers, now retired—the emperor alone was in full possession of the facts. "That his majesty was convinced of his son's suicide is evident from his telegram to Pope Leo," said my informant. "The Catholic Church imposes no restrictions in the matter of the burial of murdered men."

"And what is the best authenticated opinion about the sad occurrence?" I queried.

"A vicious custom among the fast set in Austria and Hungary is to disgrace one's mistress in the presence of boon companions," answered



The Late Crown Prince Rudolph.
From a photograph by Koller, Buda-Pesth.

class that could decline to elbow men of literature, art, and science, on the plea that it was afraid of "landing in the gutter."

"The drama of Meyerling," we call it, and stand aghast at its terrible termination; still, if we contemplate events through spectacles undimmed by regard for the august personages concerned,

the official with quivering lips. "Marie Vecsera was a high minded girl, madly in love with Rudolph, who on his part looked upon her as one of his common victims. It appears that at the little hunting box of Meyerling the crown prince brought some friends to Marie's room. The poor baroness rebelled; her lover, half crazed by drink and excite-

ment, shot and killed her, and turned the revolver towards his own breast when he came to his senses."

The death of Crown Prince Rudolph left Francis Joseph without a direct heir,

say in Vienna that her temper is not a lovable one, and if the loyal Austrians speak thus of a member of the imperial family, there must be some truth in the charges. The Meyerling drama probably



Marie Vecsra.

From a photograph by Rigur, Buda-Pesth.

for the prince's widow, Stephanie, and his daughter, Elizabeth, are not eligible to the crown. Stephanie, a young woman of thirty, is a daughter of the King of Belgium; but at the time of her birth her father was only one of the many princes of Coburg meandering on the continent, and her hereditary title does not identify her with the French-Flemish nation. Stephanie is neither beautiful nor remarkably bright; they

gave her but little sorrow. She is free now, and proprietress of a handsome fortune. Like the Empress Eugénie, she has become an inveterate traveler of late years. We meet her in Paris and in Monaco, with her daughter, now a girl of eleven; her horses run in the Prater and at Buda-Pesth. Once a year the newspapers arrange a match between her and Francis Ferdinand, son of the emperor's brother, Archduke Charles Louis.

Francis Ferdinand is generally regarded as heir presumptive to the crown, his father, who had the prior right to the succession, having resigned his claims. The renunciation was a

duke, to tell his imperial ally of Austria what he really thinks of his present heir, Maria Teresa's chances for the crown are likely to improve. The Kaiser is said to dislike Stephanie, who



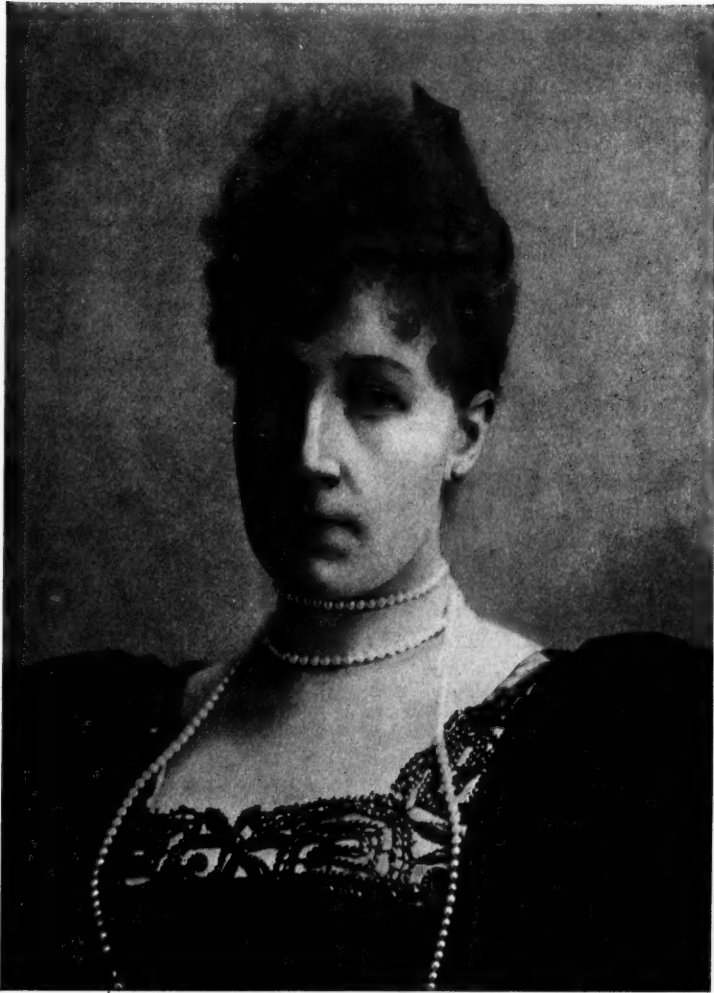
Archduchess Elizabeth.

From a photograph by von Türk, Vienna.

half hearted one, and—an interesting and perhaps an important point—it was against the wish of Charles Louis' wife, the ambitious Maria Teresa, daughter of Prince Michael of Braganza. Francis Ferdinand returned to Europe a few months ago from a trip around the world, and is to be officially received at the Berlin court. If the Kaiser can muster up courage enough, after a season of intimacy with the young arch-

at one time accused him of having insulted her—a circumstance that came near resulting in a duel between Prince William of Prussia, as he then was, and the Crown Prince of Austria; and the reports of Francis Ferdinand's misdoings have probably prejudiced him against his expected guest.

It is a difficult question whether it would be better policy for the German Emperor to favor, as a claimant to the



Crown Princess Stephanie.
From a photograph by von Türk, Vienna.

throne of Austria, a Russophile who hesitates not to declare that as a ruler he would permit the Jesuits full sway; or a prince who is brutally ignorant, deficient alike in heart and head, and who enjoys neither the confidence nor the love of his future subjects. These are disagreeable portraits, but they are true likenesses of the two candidates for the succession, as they appear to the Austrian people. Charles Louis is generally regarded as the very opposite of his imperial brother—a weak man,

morally and intellectually, but endowed with a certain amount of low cunning; his eldest son is credited with having inherited these traits, with the difference that his sire's artfulness degenerated into brutality in his mental make up.

The disgraceful stories told of Francis Ferdinand in Austria and Hungary, where he is well known, would fill many pages of this magazine. Let us hope for the good of his people that the majority of them are inventions, or at any rate exaggerations. The emperor,

it is claimed by his intimates, is intensely annoyed by their repetition, and of course still more grieved at the facts at the bottom of them. But being him-

from the court, with curtailment of their appanages, and even with personal castigation—but to what purpose? Only to embitter and harden these in-



Archduke Francis Ferdinand, Heir to the Austrian Throne.

From a photograph by Vietner, Vienna.

self without a son, he must accept the heir named by the constitution of his realm. For many years he has forced his brother Charles Louis to desist from airing his progress hating views; he has punished his nephew Francis, and the latter's brother Otto, with banishment

corrigibles. Such are his majesty's own words.

The reader now understands what I meant by saying that the death of Rudolph would begin to make history only after the reigning emperor's demise. Shrewd politicians recognize in

the present incumbent of the Austrian throne the one remaining symbol of the empire's unity. Francis Joseph is not only respected, he is positively loved by all his subjects, be they Magyar or Czech, Illyrian or German, Croatian or Italian, Tyrolese or Ruthenian. The strong personal loyalty of the hotchpotch of nationalities over which he reigns is a touching tribute to his honesty of purpose and his noble mind. "Unser Franz," say the Viennese, "is as excellent a man as the Archduke Max was, but wiser." And unhappier, it may be added. When Maximilian exchanged his position as lord high admiral of his brother's (Francis Joseph's) navy for the imperial bauble of Mexico, he knew the chances he was taking. And after all, his death by the bullets of Juarez' soldiers saved him from greater troubles and indignities. He never learned that his poor wife, after her last interview in the Tuileries, became a raving maniac; he fully understood that with him the dream of his empire died.

Not so Francis Joseph. After Magenta, Solferino, and Königgratz, circumstances forced him into an alliance with the very powers that had snatched from him the imperial crown of Germany and dethroned half a dozen of his relatives. Then, after learning of his son's untimely death, he awoke one morning to find his long estranged wife, the Empress Elizabeth, deprived of reason. The character of his heir necessarily costs the emperor many sleepless nights, and now he is told by shrewd observers that with him his empire will break up.

What of his allies in Berlin and Rome? Assuredly they are well disposed towards Austria today, but can they resist the clamor of races for unification with their kin, after the principle that kept them together so long has disappeared, leaving but the shadow of selfishness behind? Germans for Germany, the Adriatic for Italy, a Slav kingdom

under Russian protection in the east—these are the unmistakable prognostics, thus will end the sway of the unhappy Hapsburgs, which began in the days of the early Plantagenets.

But there is Archduke Louis Victor, second brother to Francis Joseph. Will he not be at hand to counsel his nephew, the future emperor, and stay the flood of disaster? Francis Ferdinand would neither allow his uncle to influence him, nor is the latter sufficiently endowed with wisdom and political forethought to be of service. He is a respected citizen of Vienna, sporting showy uniforms and excellent horseflesh, but that is all.

The Empress Elizabeth, as already stated, suffers from the curse of her house, the royal family of Bavaria—a diseased mind. For decades she has restricted intercourse with her husband to occasional meetings, few and far between. Pursued by insane restlessness, by physical and mental anguish, she flits uneasily from land to sea, from mountain to desert, now in company of a Greek professor, and unapproachable; tomorrow exchanging visits with her sister in sorrow, Eugénie of France.

Does not this house of Hapsburg seem stamped by fatality? Its treasure vaults are richer in gold and precious stones than perhaps those of any other in the world, but happiness has never rested on Francis Joseph's or Elizabeth's brow, either in war or peace, either in love or diplomacy.

History records many deeds of Hapsburg ingratitude and double dealing. An emperor of this house planned the foul murder of his general, Wallenstein. Another Hapsburg played false to Sobieski, who saved Vienna from the Turks; another allowed Andreas Hofer to be shot. Even Francis Joseph, at the peace of Prague, handed his ally, the King of Bavaria, over to the enemy. Verily history repeats itself, and vengeance is not of this world!



THE SILVER THREAD.*

By Lieut. John Lloyd,

Author of "Captain Adair's Wife."

XXIII.

HALLORAN looked with stupidity at the coming fire. Perhaps he thought it was a figment of his diseased, disordered mind. He had seen things like that in dreams; flashes of fire had gone before his eyes, mixed with many tumultuous visions and sounds. The real significance of the noise outside did not reach his consciousness, back in the recess to which he had driven it.

Katherine sprang across the room, lifted a heavy rug from the floor, and threw it over the fire; but the cactus was like a mass of tightly folded paper dried by the heats of months and years of sun, and when the fire reached its core it became a glowing furnace. Even the heavy rug could not smother it, but only caused it to send out clouds of stifling smoke. As they choked, another blaze came through the window, and there was a sound of crashing glass and impudent, ribald cries all around the house.

Katherine ran to the electric bell that had been put into the house at so much expense and trouble, and pushed the knob. Then she went to the door and sent her voice sounding through the house, calling Tie and Lung and the rest of them. Dignified Tie, who kept the house, the big, pale, impassive Chinaman, surely he could disperse a mob, or at least take care of her father! At any rate he was a man and sober, she thought with a gasping breath that was half pity for the helpless creature there in the chair—whimpering like a child at he knew not what. She was answered by a howl of anguish and a rush past her of two ducking white figures that she hardly knew. The two Chinamen fell upon the floor and clung about her knees, with uplifted hands and palms outspread, as if shielding themselves from a blow.

"Get up!" she said. "Help me to get my father out of here."

"Bad men—heap bad men," poor Tie implored with white, shaking lips, as he flattened himself against the wall behind her. "They heap kill. You tell 'em be good." He was like nothing so much as a rabbit paralyzed by the approaching hunter.

The windows in the front of the house went down to the floor, and the plate glass was wide and heavy. Already there had been sounds of its breaking, and now there came the tread of heavy feet on the floors.

"Smoke him out! Bring him out!" the men yelled. "Let's see what kind of a speech he can make when he has to say something."

Heard was sore at more than one point, and his soreness was beginning to show itself. He had failed in making anything out of the attack upon the Lady Jane, and Jack Torrance had triumphed over him. Every step of the way over the hill had been a drag to him, and he had tried to make it a drag to the other men by his grumbling; and the leadership was being taken out of his hands. Heard was never the man to follow. If he could not go his own way, he would balk, and stop the whole procession if possible.

"What have these rustlers got to do with it, anyhow?" he asked savagely. "What do we want with old Halloran? Everybody knows that Croft has got the upper hand of him. I ain't going over there to commit murder all for nothing. There ain't no sense in it. If we want to attack Croft, what's the matter with going down to the Thread direct, and filling the hole full of water? This ain't nothin' but horse play;" and the wet miners agreed with him. "I am goin' back to town and do something," he went on scornfully. "You can do as you please."

The rustlers, full of their frolic, with nothing to lose, hurried forward, hardly noticing that the miners had left them and were moving in a body down the trail toward town. With the maliciousness of spite-

*This story began in the June number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. Back numbers can be ordered of any newsdealer, or from the publishers.

ful children, the men who were left were destroying everything they came to. There was a marble group on a pedestal in the hall. Half a dozen of them stopped before it, with laughter, and ended by tipping it over. They had thrown the burning cactus in, and the varnished pine was beginning to burn in half a dozen places. They had divided, and went crashing through the house, calling for Halloran.

In a little alcove room that had been built out over the veranda, Katherine had had the red Mexican ollas hung where they dripped water all day long, cooling the atmosphere; and among them had swung a hammock with long, slender ropes. This caught the eye of one of the men, and he sprang for it and cut the ropes.

"This is what we are looking for!" he shouted. "Come along, boys. We'll give him a little scare, anyhow."

Through the rooms they went until they came to the door which Katherine had had the presence of mind to lock after the Chinamen. They hammered for an instant, and then a heavy boot came against a panel.

Halloran clung to his daughter for a moment, and then there came a soberer light into his eyes.

"What is it they want? Me?" he asked. "I am not afraid of them. I have faced miners before. Tie, open that door."

"No! Ah—oh, no!" the Chinaman whimpered. "They killee ebybloody. They kill you."

"Open that door!" he shouted, and half arose. Katherine had rushed to him and put her arms about his neck.

"No, no! Father, they will kill you! Come, let us get through the window. There is nobody there, and this room will soon be in a blaze. Come! You *must* come!"

"I will not. Am I to be burned out, bullied by a parcel of men with picks?" He went toward the door, pulling Katherine's frantic arms from about his shoulders. He would show them—

But he did not reach the door. There was a crash of the panels, and in the same instant a pistol shot from some reckless hand, and Halloran stumbled to his knees and fell forward on his face as the man with the rope in his hand broke through the door, the running noose already made.

The invader looked about him, bewildered at the scene—the dense smoke coming up from the burning rug, dimming the lamps, the two Chinamen crouching in a corner, the old man lying on the floor, a

white faced girl, like a ghost in her long, flowing gown, standing over him.

The men stopped for an instant's pause, and their work was never taken up. There was a bound upon the floor, and Jack Standish, a living picture of fury, was at the girl's back.

"Get out of here!" he shouted. "Get water and put out this fire! What do you mean by forcing your way in here? Back!"

He advanced toward them, and the very force of his anger and indignation, and the sight of Halloran lying as one dead—a sight which they understood if he did not—sent them in retreat.

"Oh, father!" Katherine said, and fell down on the floor beside him. She had no word for Standish. He had come, and all her responsibilities were ended. He would take care of everything—of her—but her poor father! She turned his face over. The eyes were open, but they were set and sightless.

"Father, father, are you hurt?" She said it over and over again.

Standish had rushed through the house to see the men out, and to see what could be done with the fire. Every room in the house was a scene of ruin. The attacking force had been small, and they had gone through quickly, but they had pulled and burned. The Chinamen followed him like a pair of dogs, and he sent one of them back to put out the fire in the room they had just left.

The men ran before him. In the supreme moment the rustlers had realized that he miners, who ought to be with them, and who gave them their reason for being there, were gone; and they were ready to follow. It was nothing that Standish was alone. He represented law and order, and it was law and order that they were outraging. They did not stay to put out the fire, but went pell mell down the rocky trail toward the town, hoping that they had not been recognized.

They did not mind shooting Halloran, and they did not believe anything serious would come of their frolic. They cursed the miners who had led them into this, as they ran toward the corral and their horses. They thought they would leave town until it all blew over.

They realized how soon it would be a forgotten thing better than the agonized, frightened girl, bathing her father's head, calling upon him to awaken, begging the empty room to get a doctor for him. Then Standish made his way through a constantly increasing volume of smoke back to Kath-

erine, where she knelt on the floor at her father's side. Tie, the Chinaman, was stolidly pouring water from a pitcher upon the fire in the floor.

"Come at once," Standish said authoritatively. "The house is on fire in a dozen places. I must get you up to Mrs. Torrance. Come, Katherine;" and then, for the first time realizing what was at her feet, he bent over what he felt in an instant was Halloran's corpse. He lifted Katherine bodily in his strong arms, and carried her, without a word, through the window.

"They are gone," he said. "You are safe here. I will bring your father to you;" and he went back into the smoke laden atmosphere.

The Chinamen and Standish lifted the heavy man gently, and carried him out into the road. Standish had taken another rug from the floor as he came by, and put it over his shoulder. Now he directed Katherine to spread it out, and then he laid her father upon it.

She was dumb, for she knew.

"Is—" she began in a choking whisper, and stopped.

"My darling!" Standish said tenderly, and took her into his arms. Behind them the flames rushed through the house Halloran had built with so much vainglorious pride, tearing it to pieces, and sending it on the light air, while the Chinamen gazed at it stupidly.

"It's a sorry night," Nelly said behind them. "Is your father hurt, miss?"

"You stay here with him, Nelly, you and the Chinamen. There is no danger now. I will take Miss Halloran to Mrs. Torrance."

From the sound of Standish's voice Nelly knew that Katherine's duty as a daughter was ended.

"It's no danger I fear," the Irishwoman said stoutly, "but I can't believe that any o' my boys was guilty o' this. It ain't in 'em."

"There's anything in them," Standish replied. "I will send somebody over."

"Stop, Mr. Standish. The boys ain't through their mischief. The Lady Jane will suffer yet. I am as strong as a man. Get some sticks from the fence there, and let us carry Halloran to my house, and bring the young lady. She is safer there than another place. The boys are never a comin' to my house except peaceable."

"Will you go there?" Standish asked Katherine.

"Yes," she said.

The fire was scorching them. The three

men and Nelly picked up the corners of the heavy rug, and went slowly and carefully up the hill, leaving the house blazing behind them, lighting up the whole country about. Katherine walked sadly, never looking back. There was not in her heart one bit of affection for the house, or for anything it had contained. She did not care for that, she felt utterly alone, and yet not altogether hopeless and forlorn. Standish would take care of her, and tell her what to do. There is after all, even in the best women, an instinct something like that of a cat—an instinct for comfort and lack of responsibility; and Katherine, even in the hour of losing not a friend but a father who was almost a stranger, found some sense of peace, unconscious as she herself was of it.

Standish was hurried now. So much depended upon the next few hours. The men might have been made reckless, or they might have had enough of the trouble. They had accomplished nothing. He looked longingly toward Charleston, and wondered if Coleman would see the fire, and bring his soldiers back. Somebody must go for them. The wires had been cut early in the evening, and there was no way of telegraphing. If there was any concerted action upon the part of the miners, it was likely that the road toward Charleston and the Fort had been covered, so that couriers could not go after the soldiers; but somebody must go. Almost every man had some mine of his own to guard. Torrance, with all his popularity, had only half a dozen in the hoisting works with him. Standish did not know how many were with Croft.

As they came near Nelly's they saw the windows open. It was full day now, and the sun was up and the air as dazzling in its transparency as though there was only joy in the world.

Nelly had taken a large, coarse pocket handkerchief from her pocket and put it over Halloran's face before she lifted her corner of the rug. Fanny de Vere came to the corner of Nelly's house and looked with wonder at the approaching procession. She saw a gay fringed rug, pressed down by its almost hidden burden. Its bearers were two Chinamen; a young American, coatless and hatless, with a loose swinging cartridge belt about his waist; and Nelly. A few steps behind them came Katherine Halloran in a loose white gown, her hair over her shoulders.

In a moment she saw what it was, and an infinite pity and softness illumined her

haggard face, and her eyes already red with weeping. She forgot that there were any conventions in the world. Here was only a woman walking alone with her dead, her home in ruins behind her. She was another woman, and as such, born to comfort. She walked toward Katherine, her hand out; but as she passed Standish a line came down between his eyes, and he disengaged one hand to touch her—to hold her.

"Go away from here," he said almost roughly. "You can't come near. Nelly doesn't want you here."

The girl looked at him stupidly.

"Don't let me have to tell her where you have been—last night."

A flood of crimson tingled all over Fanny's face and neck, and without a word she turned and went. Nelly at the opposite corner of the rug thought Standish was giving whispered directions for preparations to be made in the house, and drew a sigh of relief. She knew that Fanny would do everything right. And everything was made ready, but Fanny was not there.

Standish stopped for a moment by Katherine's side, and took her two cold hands in his.

"Nelly will take care of you, and Mrs. Torrance will come, I know. Keep up, my dearest. I am going after the soldiers. They never ought to have gone out of town. Try to sleep. Good by;" and he took her face between his hands and kissed her.

Nelly stopped Fanny de Vere as she was going out of the door, with a bundle in her hand. She touched her impatiently.

"Where are you going? I need you with Miss Halloran."

"You stay with Miss Halloran," Fanny said. "I must go to Jenny."

"Always following up that good for nothing piece," Nelly grumbled. "Why can't she come home like a decent girl?"

"She can't come because she's dead," Fanny said. "But nobody has any time to think of Jenny's being dead today. When Jacoby comes home, I think maybe he'll talk about it a little. But I don't know; men are all alike. He'll give her a curse as likely as not."

XXIV.

FOR a week Jacoby had been on his way home. News of some sorts travels from camp to camp, from one lonely fire beside a hole in the ground to the next one, all over the Territory. From the freighters and packers, and by that irresistible magnetism which any disturbance has for humanity, however isolated, Jacoby knew

that they were having trouble in the Tombstone camp—not only trouble in Tombstone, but all along the border; but it was only Tombstone which interested Jacoby. He was bound there by all the ties of comradeship, of loyalty, which are the very fiber of a heart like his; and then there in Tombstone was Jenny, the very core of his heart!

Jacoby was coming home with such good news for her. The dancing days were to be over for Jenny, the working days of all sorts. Jacoby thought, with a glow of his heart that was none the less noble that it was expended upon such trivial things, of how he would take Jenny into the shop of Tombstone's one jeweler—where the stock was made up chiefly of very broad, shallow, yellow diamonds—and let her buy what she wanted. They would be married right away, very respectably, in the little Catholic chapel. Jacoby wasn't a Catholic, and neither was Jenny, but it would please Nelly, who would stand in the place of a relation; and besides, the missionaries who had been sent out to the other churches were men who had evidently been purposely banished. They were generally not in a proper condition to perform any sort of a ceremony.

Jacoby had time to think of everything as he came up from Mexico, sleeping in the daytime to escape the heat, and riding along under the Southern stars at night, dreaming, thinking, building castles in the air, about Jenny. It was as though love had touched the clay of which Jacoby was made, and given it something divine. He had taken up the Mexican claim through Mr. Torrance's advice, and it had seemed as though nature herself recognized him as one of her children, and gave up his portion gladly. He had hardly touched the ground when the gold began to appear. As he took it out, every ounce was for Jenny, waiting for him back there in Tombstone, with a heart as light as her heels. And now he was coming back after her. He never thought of the hostile Indians as he rode along. Why should savages bother him? He was going home to Jenny! His heart fairly sang with joy.

As he came nearer to Tombstone men spoke more and more freely of the troubles. Heard had sent out his emissaries everywhere. But it did not trouble Jacoby much. He knew his kind. He knew that they did a great deal of talking to very little effect. He feared some flash up in the town, but that there would be any concerted action he did not believe. He listened to the one eyed man who kept the water hole over near

Bisbee as he excitedly told of the coming explosion.

"Makes me think," Jacoby said, as he drank the beer the man brought him, "of the time everybody in this almighty world was going to say 'Boo!' at the identical same time. They thought the sound would reach to the moon. But every blamed body listened to hear the noise, and only one man said it, and he was an idiot. I'm thinkin' it will be the same way. The idiot will say the word."

"Heard ain't no idiot."

"Nobody's sayin' so," the placid Jacoby replied, and went on.

The men all expected him to be one of themselves. They did not know how easily the working man becomes the employer through his own responsibilities; and always Jacoby had cared more for Torrance than for any regiment of miners.

It was midnight when he first saw the fire, along the Charleston road. In an instant he located it, and put the spurs into his horse. He had been riding slowly, knowing that he would get to Tombstone by morning, and it was not likely that he could see Jenny before that time at the best. He did not think he could live in the same town for hours and not see her. But there was trouble ahead now, and he strained his eyes over the place.

By the time he reached Charleston the soldiers were already there. The men who had fired the mills were gone or hidden, and Captain Coleman, seeing no disturbance, was pushing on toward the Fort. Jacoby, regardless of everything but his own errand, rode in among them.

"How many soldiers are there in Tombstone?" he asked.

"There's nothing goin' on over there," the sergeant answered him. "You are right here in the sentinel's way. Ride on."

"Nothing going on in Tombstone! There's a strike on! It's Tombstone will be burning next."

"Oh, you're crazy. Go on!" the soldier said, and slapped the horse.

For answer Jacoby pointed toward the Halloran house, blazing up toward the sky. All its ornamentation of tower and belfry was clearly shown, even at this distance. Captain Coleman himself came to look, but Jacoby did not wait for him. He rode on toward the town just as fast as his horse could go.

The Halloran house was almost consumed when Jacoby rode up. It was broad day, and that little procession had just passed up the hill carrying Halloran's body. He saw

that there was nothing to do here; and giving a glance in the direction of Nelly's house, he rode on into the town. He had gone perhaps a dozen yards when his heart was too much for him. He turned his horse up into the rocky trail. Jenny must awaken and see him.

"She will not be minding getting out to speak to me," Jacoby thought modestly.

He rode around the house, and greeted Nelly in a way that could only be joyous. He was sorry there was trouble in the camp, and that Halloran's house was burned. Of course he was sorry, but—he had come home to Jenny. The question was gleaming all over his big, honest face.

"How do you do?" Nelly said brusquely. "It's time decent men was at home attending to things. You'd better get right over to Torrance's and help him out."

Jacoby had intended coming down, but there was no invitation in Nelly's face.

"Is—I'm wonderin'," the big fellow said, "if Jenny's too tired to speak to me."

A spasm which came nearer tears than Nelly had been for many years, went over the kind Irishwoman's face. She couldn't tell him what Fanny had told her. Fanny had gone back to the town.

"You'd better let Jenny alone and be a man until this trouble's over," she said sternly. "Here's Halloran dead in this house, killed an hour ago, and the poor young lady's most distracted."

Jacoby turned reluctantly away. Jenny was busy, then, with all this sadness in the house. It was his place to go to work. Halloran had been killed. He would go and see where the men had gone—to the Thread, doubtless.

He started in a gallop toward the town. On the outskirts he met some Chinamen, fleeing in a body to the railroad, like rats deserting the sinking ship. Among them was the tall, evil looking Gooey, whom everybody knew as Croft's servant. He was loaded with an enormous bundle, which he had evidently filled to his carrying capacity. When he saw Jacoby he put it down and called with a kiyi of Chinese sounds and shrill "hallos!" Jacoby stopped, while the man came up close to the horse.

"I go leave Croft—velly bad man. He take your girl. You get money in law. I sell you one—two—four—six letter." He began to scramble through his pockets. "I sell him one—tloo dolla—velly cheap. You get much money."

"I ain't buyin' any of your Chinese truck," Jacoby said.

"You dam fool," the Chinaman replied,

"I got letta. She say she 'fraid you. Croft take her, knock her down, take money back. She dead."

An icy wind seemed to be sweeping over Jacoby. What was this evil, black mouthed heathen talking about? What had he to do with any of Croft's affairs?

The Chinaman handed him the bundle of letters, Jenny's little letters—he knew her writing. They had been carelessly torn across, and then pasted together again by the patient Chinese fingers, after being filched day by day from Croft's basket. Jacoby knew the scrawly writing, the pink paper, the violet ink. He had just such letters as those over his heart. They were sacred, because Jenny had written them. He read slowly, but it seemed to him that the passionate words of the poor little letters were scorched into his brain. She had never written such letters to him. No! She never had needed to?

Here was a revelation! Jenny in every line told over and over the simple story of her fall, and her fear of him—Jacoby—who had worshiped her very footprints on the ground! He had no sense of dishonor in looking at the letters; perhaps the man does not live who would have had.

"Where did you get these?" he asked dully.

"In Croft's basket. I there when she come. She beg—last night. I there. He hit her—she fall down. Green Garden boy—he here. He say she come there—die dead. All last night. I know—her your girl. You give me dolla—ten dolla."

Jacoby put his hand into his pocket, took out a twenty dollar gold piece, and put it into the claw-like hand; then he rode on. He was a slow fellow, Jacoby. It took him a little while to get his ideas straightened out. Now, with the written proof in his hands, he could scarcely believe the story. And yet he knew it was true. The sound of "Green Garden" had only finished it out. Jenny, poor, silly little Jenny! It was all his fault for having gone away from her, leaving her to temptations. And she said she had never loved him. He saw it in the written lines.

There was only one thing to do. He wondered where he would find Croft. He took his pistol out of its holster, and looked at it. All the loads were there. He did not mean to give Croft one chance for his life. He meant to kill him the instant he saw him. He had not taken in the fact that Jenny was dead. That she had written letters like this to Croft was enough.

Poor little Jenny! Too foolish to take

care of herself; and he had gone away and left her.

XXV.

STANDISH went up to Mrs. Torrance, and told her the story of Katherine. As he had known she would, she put down her rifles, and went down the hill to Nelly's. She did not even remember in any rankling fashion how she had feared and dreaded this place. Jack was back, her own again—she knew by the look in his eyes. There was absolute love and confidence there, and she saw in him a man, where there had been a boy before.

"They will not come back here. I am not afraid; I will go."

"Let this house go hang!" Jack said. "I am going after Coleman. He ought to be here now."

"They will kill you," his mother answered calmly.

"Not much! I am not afraid of the cowardly brutes, shooting down a defenseless old man! I am going after Coleman as soon as I can get my horse."

So it happened that as Fanny de Vere stood at her window at Nelly's, ready to start back to town, to stay with all that was left of Jenny, lying there in the room over the Pretty-by-Night, she saw Jack Torrance say good by to his mother at Nelly's gate. He kissed her twice.

"Don't worry about me, mammy," he said. "I'll come back to you, and bring the soldiers to settle these fools."

He never once looked towards Fanny's window.

"When it comes to seriousness, he never thinks of me," she thought bitterly. "And—he knows where I was! They are so cruel, those other—good people! I couldn't even go after Jenny, dying, and be fit to touch them again—even Jack!"

Then, with the hard philosophy which her life had taught her, she reasoned herself out of her dark despair. What else could she expect? What else had she ever expected? She knew what she was in the eyes of women—even those who sang on stages in theaters instead of in saloons. She drew a breath which was hard to hear in so young a girl, and put that part of her life behind her, making herself believe that it was a thousand times better so. Then, taking the things she needed, she started to town.

Coming out into the dusty Tombstone road, she saw a horseman before her who she thought must be a figment of her sleep-

less and brooding brain. It was Jacoby. He was riding slowly along, his head sunken between his huge shoulders, his pistol in one hand, and in the other Jenny's letters to Croft.

"Jacoby!" She almost screamed the name.

He aroused himself, and when he saw who it was, he swung himself heavily from the horse and stood before her.

"Why didn't you take care of her?" he said.

"Oh, Jacoby, I *tried* to! I thought she was happy in your coming back. I never suspected her. Poor little silly Jenny! I have been saying it over and over to myself all night. She wasn't fit to be left alone."

"Where is she?" he asked huskily.

"She is over the Pretty-by-Night. They took her there. She died—it is better."

"He killed her!"

"Yes, he killed her," the girl cried passionately. "And if you do not kill him, I will."

"I will," the Cornishman said simply. "I am going to kill him before I look upon her face. Where is he?"

"He was at the Thread. There was a party of miners there going to attack it, but he has talked them off with that devil's tongue of his. He can make the men think black is white, while he is talking. They even went into the mine and dug, to bring down the water; but he told them they would get drowned, and promised them higher wages, and talked them out of their heads! He is there now, most likely."

"I will go," Jacoby said.

He found the mouth of the Silver Thread almost deserted. There was not even a man at the cage, and the engines were cold. There was an old way into the Thread which Jacoby knew, and he went over to the entrance now, and peered down. He saw a light coming up the ladder. It was in the hat of Croft's shift boss.

"Can you tell me where to find Croft?" Jacoby asked politely.

"You'll find him down below, if you care to go down a mile or two. He's been having trouble with the miners, and just got the last of them out. He'll be glad to see you, Jacoby. It's a pity all the men are not like you. I wouldn't give much for the Lady Jane's chances tonight. The men have been cut off up there once, and at the Silver Thread house, and now Mr. Croft's argued them away from here."

Jacoby forgot to tell him that the Silver Thread house was in ruins, and Halloran

dead. What did that matter? Croft was down stairs, in that darkness, and he was going down to meet him. He took half a dozen steps, and then, in Jacoby's own way, acting upon second thought, he came back.

"Is there a bit of paper anywhere about?" he asked politely. "Things are not so straight as they might be around here these days, and if you will sign your name as a witness, I'd like to make my will."

The man led the way into Croft's private room—the very one where Standish had seen Jenny waiting for Croft—and put down pen and ink and paper. His face was perfectly grave, but he was treasuring up Jacoby's manner to imitate. He thought that the Cornishman only wanted to make an ostentatious show of his new wealth. He begged the privilege of writing the document. It left everything—the Mexican mine, the thousands that had been put in the bank, everything—to Fanny de Vere and to Katherine Halloran, half and half.

"Why, where's that pretty sweetheart of yours?" the man began teasingly, but the Cornishman's face stopped him.

Jacoby signed the paper—a paper bearing Croft's letter head—and pushed it over, and the other man signed it.

"You'll need another witness. You might take it down to Croft. But I guess that wouldn't do, as he is going to marry Miss Halloran. It might look bad in case anything ever happened to you. There's Heard, he's still sneaking around. He'll sign as the other witness."

The man lifted the window and called Heard, who was standing looking gloomily at the big hoisting works, as though he regretted not blowing up the building. Half the men had gone off somewhere to sleep. The rustlers were away in the mountains.

"Lookin' at that brute," the shift boss said, as Heard started toward the door, "I ain't so sure we won't need barricades tonight. He won't sleep. He's full of ugliness still."

"We want you to sign this paper," he added, as the other came in. "It's Jacoby's last will and testament. He's a bloated employer himself now, and he is afraid some of your fellows would want to kill him. No need readin' it over, I guess. It's just a plain disposal to two beautiful young ladies."

Heard put his name where the shift boss' finger pointed, never knowing that he was witnessing what would take Fanny de Vere out of his sight forever, in the hour when he believed that he had made it possible to

win her—when he meant to come to her a hero.

Then Jacoby sealed the paper in an envelope, addressed it in a big, awkward hand to Mr. Torrance, and dropped it into the United States mail box before the door, as the safest place. Next he pulled his hat down over his eyes, never changing countenance at the banter concerning his wealth and his gallantry which the shift boss was sending after him, took a box of matches and a pocketful of candles, and went down the ladder.

It was a long and tortuous way, down steps and through "winzes," where he was obliged to swing by a rope into unseen depths. But Jacoby knew the Thread as he knew his way by the stars, and he knew exactly where he would find Croft. He followed the path, carrying his candle aloft to show the way to the depths where the men had been digging toward the Lady Jane. Jacoby had put in timbers in both mines, and he knew the true maps as well as the falsified ones which Croft held.

As he came nearer he heard the tap, tap, of a pick against the solid rock. It grew louder and louder as he went on, and presently the faint glimmer of light before him widened out until Croft's figure was silhouetted against the solid rock lighted by the glow of the candles stuck about in the crevices. True to his usual fashion, Croft had a regular illumination by which he made his experiments.

Jacoby's nerves did not give one extra tingle. He stopped for an instant, took out his revolver, which he had put into its holster during his climbing, and looked at it carefully. It was all right. He aimed it, and then—as always—he hesitated. It was too good for Croft to let him die without knowing why. He would hold him before him in the giant's grasp he knew was his, and pump bullets into his face. Jacoby clinched his big white teeth, and went on in a mighty bound which landed his arm on the shoulder of Croft as he swung his pick. He brought it down awkwardly, but into the rock.

Croft turned, bewildered, not comprehending, fearless—and in that instant there was a splitting of rock, a roar that deafened, and a darkness that was forever. The two men were swept, flung against the sides of the tunnel, separated, beaten to pulp. Jacoby, bereft of his love, was even denied his revenge; for the last blow of the pick had opened the flood gates of the Lady Jane, and the Silver Thread was a mine no longer, but a reservoir for an underground

torrent, hiding injurer and injured together in its impenetrable depths!

XXVI.

FANNY sat in the room above the saloon, by Jenny's body. Poor Jenny, who had made such a wreck of everything, seemed to need her even in death. She had died in her arms, of exhaustion, of a weak heart, after the doctor had counteracted the poison. She had died telling her pitiful story.

Fanny had stayed in the Green Garden all night, holding Jenny; and when everything was over, she had made a bargain with the woman not to tell where Jenny had died. It would be a final shame and injustice to the dead girl. That she needed an excuse for having been there herself, she never thought, until Standish taunted her.

She would not answer him, but she would tell Jack when he came back to her. Would she?

The heroines did not all die in the age of romance, nor all the loving hearts who saw no glimmer of self in their loving. Honestly and truly, Fanny loved Jack Torrance, and wished for him the best that the world had to offer. Perhaps the feeling in her heart was more maternal than passionate. She felt years older than the boy, as she was years beyond him in knowledge of the world and in experience of its harshness. There was no dazzle of romance in her clear eyes. Two and two made four. She blinded herself neither consciously nor unconsciously, and she knew that for Jack Torrance to marry a singer from a Tombstone saloon meant alienation from his mother, and degradation to himself in his own eyes, as the years went by. Jack's was the sensitive nature that would feel every gust of public opinion when he was back in the land of public opinions. Fanny loved him—and she must give him up; and here was the opportunity.

She bent over Jenny and kissed the girl's dead face. It looked almost babyish in its dead prettiness.

"I will not tell them where you died, Jenny. The boys shall never know, if I can help it. Maybe I won't even tell Jack Torrance—and he will stay away from me, which will be the best thing he can do."

But in her heart of hearts she believed that no slander, no word of another man, could ever keep Jack away from her. He would come back, and then—then she would think whether she would keep silent or not. There was, too, a pride in not explaining. Jack ought to know her.

She made herself forget that he had ridden by Nelly's house this morning without looking in the direction of the window where he had so often seen her. He was on serious duty—going over a road which might be bristling with dangers, to bring back the soldiers, who should never have been allowed to leave. He would bring them! She knew that. But along every mile of the way her heart went with him. She could have ridden along by his side, and her woman's instinct would have told her where the dangers lay. But he would come back.

A noise below made her go to the window. The street was filling with miners, who were trooping into the saloon. They had been argued, driven, out of the Silver Thread; and the crowd that had been there, and the crowd that had come from Halloran's house, were taunting each other with being cowards. The news of Halloran's death and the burning of the house had just reached them, filling the whole place with a crazy excitement. Heard had lingered behind, and spirits not so cool as his—the Charlie who had come from Charleston, and others—were inciting the men to a universal riot. They had gone to sleep and had been awakened by the news of Halloran's death, and the flight of the rustlers to the mountains.

The wife of the owner of the Pretty-by-Night came up stairs.

"Tom says that the boys have heard that something's gone wrong with Jenny. They don't know what it is, and he don't want 'em to know yet awhile. He's afraid they will get hold of the whole story, and everlastingly tear up the town and ruin the business. He says he can't afford it. He's heard that Jack Torrance has gone after the soldiers, and he says can't you come down and amuse the boys until the soldiers get here? They'll straighten things out. I told him I didn't s'pose you felt much like it. Neither do I, but it'll have to be done."

"I'll come," Fanny said.

She went back to where Jenny lay on the bed, and covered her face. Her stage wardrobe was in a closet in this room. She and Jenny had used the place as a dressing room since she came to town, and Jenny's short skirts of gay colors, her artificial flowers, and her shoes, were all here, too. Fanny drew long breaths, and wondered where she was going to find any voice to sing. What could she sing?

It was glaring sunlight down there in the saloon, and there was an odor of liquor over everything. She knew what it was

like. It made her sick to think of it. She couldn't put on an evening dress. She would go down just as she was.

"They will not listen to me," she thought, and then she said to herself that they should—they should!

The pianist was gone. He had been awake all night, and he cared nothing for the miners' stupid rows. The room was crowded with men, childish, angry, feeling that they had been made fools of, that they had accomplished nothing but a responsibility for the murder of Halloran.

"Might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," one man said.

"The boys are locking out the owners all over the Territory, and we've been going around playing blind man's buff, scared off everywhere. I move we go up to Torrance's and string up the whole crowd. I know there can't be many men there. I know that every man's on his own property. There's too many owners guardin' wild cat holes that nobody could be paid to touch. Let's do *something*!"

Many men had stopped to listen to the last speaker. As he ended, there came a lull, and then, up, up, above their heads, lilted a voice, with solemn sweetness,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

Every man turned as though he had been shot. It was the first time many of them had heard the old hymn since they were children. Fanny sang it all through, her voice going on alone up to the last verse, when one or two heavy tones joined hers. She was back at the home in the hills of Ohio, singing in the country school house where her father preached. It was to rough men like these that she had sung then. She knew them. When the hymn ended, the same voice that had suggested going up to Torrance's called out for another, and half the men sang it with her in a rough bass.

Then she stood on the platform, and made them a little speech. She told them that Jenny was dead, and was lying in the room over their heads. She knew they had been fond of Jenny, and that Jenny had loved them. Wouldn't they like to come, one or two at a time, up stairs and see her?

They knew Jenny had not been well; she hadn't been dancing for days, but they "didn't think she was *that* sick," they said. They were solemn. Some of them went up stairs and moved awkwardly and slowly up to the dead girl's side, and looked at her. The rest took up a collection to pay her funeral expenses.

All thought of riot was taken out of them.

They stood about, talking in whispers. They wouldn't disturb little Jenny. They wondered what Jacoby would do. But they would give her a funeral, such a funeral! They would satisfy Jacoby that they had appreciated her.

XXVII.

JACK TORRANCE rode away over the hill at a gallop. Charleston was only ten miles away, and his horse was a fleet one. The sun was hot, but he rode rapidly. At the foot of the reservoir hill the trail was very narrow, and he had to slacken speed. As he did so, he heard a report, felt a sting along his arm and side, and turning saw the black face of Heard almost in his.

Jack felt for his own revolver, but his right arm was powerless, and his horse plunging. He grew sick, and reeled in his saddle. As the horse jumped again, he fell heavily to the hard ground.

Heard looked at him gloatingly, as though he would not have him die too soon.

"That's what honest men do to things like you, that do their best to ruin honest girls," he said.

"You needn't have killed me for her," Jack answered, with all the bitterness of the boy cut off from his hopes, from his chance of doing his duty as a man, and bereft of the woman he loved. Jack was made of the sentimental fiber which hardens into cynicism, and he had had his first bath of acid. "She isn't worth it. I swear I loved her. I wanted to marry her this very day. And last night I saw her go into the Green Garden!"

"You are a liar!" Heard said furiously. "I will tell her I killed you for lying. Liar!"

He kicked Jack with his heavy boot, once, twice. Then, seeing the boy's eyes close, he turned away, leaving Jack's horse trotting back to put his nose against his master's face.

A little later Jack came to himself. He knew by the sun that he had not been long unconscious. He lifted himself slowly. Home was just around the hill. Charleston was ten miles off, and the soldiers must come. He climbed into the saddle from the steep hillside, and holding his lame arm, digging spurs into his horse, he rode those miles blindly, as in some hideous dream, and tumbled insensible into Coleman's camp, where the men had halted two miles beyond Charleston, on their way into the mountains.

Two hours later the soldiers came into

Tombstone at a gallop. They found the town as quiet as a church. Sentries were placed about the mines, and the sound of bugle calls floated over the plains, and echoed against the reservoir hill. Law and order had come to take charge, but they found a peace that had gone before them, out of the mouth of a girl.

XXVIII.

WHAT is there to tell when the story is ended?

"The strike broke the back bone of Tombstone," the Arizona people say, and the exodus of miners began with the entrance of the soldiers. It was in 1882, twelve long years ago. The miner's life is a short one. Probably the remnant that is left of the turbulent element is still "punching burros" across some mountain trail, in Alaska, Peru, California, or Idaho, too old to be employed on regular wages any more, getting a "grub stake" somewhere—somehow; dreaming of the fortune to come some time, until one day a burro will be found cropping the bushes by the trail, and an old prospector lying dead beside it.

Some of the rustlers were hanged, and some were shot, and some became respectable ranchmen who lost their cattle in the three years' drought that ended last year, and are now beginning all over again. Some made fortunes in the opening of the Salt River valley. All are lost in the commonplace stream of life.

Tombstone, Tombstone the turbulent, is only a little group of houses on the desert. More and more people have gone. The old owner of the Pretty-by-Night keeps a hotel in Denver, and his wife quarrels because "the waiters who come West are so untrained." The bang of stamp mills, and the clang of ore falling into bins, are over. Even the drip, drip, of water in the reservoir has ceased. The cottonwoods are burnt sticks in the Green Garden. At night the town sleeps; and every year the coyote creeps and snarls nearer.

After the Lady Jane was drained by the Thread, Torrance worked the lead economically, and made a small fortune out of it—enough to realize his hopes and buy a Los Angeles breeding farm, and start Jack in the world as a man of affairs, far from mines and camps. The strike is a story Jack will tell nowadays, at the club, where he is sometimes allowed to tell stories instead of listening to those of other men.

Sometimes he and Standish meet. They both live in New York, but Jack married a

girl in a little different clique from the one Mrs. Standish knew, and the ladies never find time, in the multitudinous cares of city life, to see anything of each other. And the tie between the men was never a strong one. The months in Tombstone were not those they cared to talk over together.

Mrs. Torrance the elder will not live east of St. Louis, and she thinks Jack's wife not half good enough for him. She comes to see Katherine when she visits New York, and tells her gossip of Mrs. Savage's later doings as the echoes come from San Francisco and Monterey. They seem very old and stale stories to Katherine, and very crude, like an old fashion book. She asked after Nelly once, and heard that she was "bossing" the new mining camp of Creede, as improvident, as strong and sweet hearted, as mannish, as of old.

Katherine is domestic, and Standish is growing stout. They sold their interest in Jacoby's mine, and put it into Eastern investments. They heard that the de Vere had done the same thing, and that after all Jacoby's great bonanza was only a pocket of ore, disastrous to its final purchaser.

"I suppose that poor girl will squander her portion on follies," Standish said at the time of the sale. "She had gone regularly to the bad at the time of the strike. It was a fortunate thing, for it opened Jack Torrance's eyes before he ruined himself."

Last winter in New York, the Metropolitan Opera House was opened after a year of ruin. The opera brought the world of fashion and the world of culture on one side of the footlights, and on the other it brought forward the best talent the world of music had to offer. There were the two great tenors, with throats whose every vibration thrilled thousands; and there were prima donnas whose laurels had been won on the very heights of music.

One night, Standish and his wife sat in a box, and prepared themselves to hear the most beautiful and the greatest of all these women sing *Marguerite*. It was an event of the musical season, and every seat was taken, while the boxes made a chain of brilliants about the house. Every one had a story to tell of the famous and good woman whose career for five years had been one long triumph. Operas had been written for her, and kings and emperors—and, better still, queens and empresses—had taken her hand.

As she came out on the stage and the

first notes dropped from her lips, Standish focused his glasses upon the singer's face for an instant, and then dropped them again. He turned to his wife with a bewildered face, and found that she had done the same thing.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"I don't know. We have never seen her before, have we?" He looked at his program, but he already knew the name by heart. No one ever forgot this singer, who heard her once. Her voice had the heart thrilling quality as well as marvelous clearness, power, and sweetness.

"Ah-h!" Katherine said, drawing a long breath, as the song ended. "I know what it is. She is so sympathetic, so beautiful, so ideal, that she is what we imagine an angel must be. She is doubtless striking everybody in the house with the same sense of familiarity. She belongs to all of us. She is one of the geniuses—the one of her generation. I wonder if anybody we know will ask her to dinner, and ask us."

"No such luck."

"I don't know; they say she is fond of society, and goes out a great deal. I wouldn't if I were she. I would be afraid some of my beauty would be marred by touching the world."

In the first balcony Jack Torrance sat, oblivious to everything but the singer, his black eyes fairly burning in his face. His wife looked at him, and wished he wouldn't. He was attracting attention.

He sat through the waits between the acts like a man in a dream. Once, when his wife touched his arm, he looked at her as though he had never seen her before—as if she came from a world he had never entered. He was back in Tombstone in '82, and Jenny was fanning herself with her handkerchief behind the stage, and Fanny de Vere, whom he loved, was singing, singing, while the miners kept time with their heavy boots on the floor, their glasses on the tables. As she had said to Jenny long ago, she could not get entirely out of the light from the Pretty-by-Night Saloon.

They drove home silently, and Jack let his wife go up stairs alone. For an hour she heard him walking the floor. "Poor boy! Music turns his head," she said.

As he put out the gas, he gave a sigh that was almost a sob.

"She went to that place. I *saw* her," he said doggedly. "And God forgive me, I am almost wishing I had been blind first!"

THE END.

BOBBY FLAX.

By Margaret Kenna.

MARVEL had been disappointed in love. He had laid his worship at the feet of a girl who was about to be married. Sometimes such an affair is like a soft white cocoon, whence an exquisite butterfly goes forth to the sun. Sometimes it is quite otherwise.

Dorothy Clemence had been married more than a year, and Marvel had grown quite used to meeting her. Across a crowded room he frequently recognized the rosebuds in her bonnet. He smiled to think that there could be distinguishing rosebuds; but when he made his way to them, Mrs. Cherrington was always there, and Mrs. Cherrington's placid mouth always broke into a smile of welcome. His heart no longer fluttered to his lips, and he had even been brave enough to dine twice with the Cherringtons.

Those who loved him least said at the club that Marvel's career had finished with the unrequited tenderness for Dorothy Clemence. Those nearest his heart said that this had been but the beginning of his life.

"Mr. Marvel needs a little rest and adventure, don't you think?" Dorothy had asked her husband, as the gentleman in question stood at their carriage one afternoon.

"I think it is only that he is standing under a bar of strong yellow sunlight," Cherrington gently replied.

"I am about to have a little adventure," said Marvel. "There is a promising little boy out in Greenbrier, and I am thinking of bringing him here to Washington. He is one of the Cranberry twins, Mrs. Cherrington. If anything happens to me, will you and your husband look after him?"

"We will indeed—joyfully," promised Dorothy, as her carriage swept away.

So one day in springtime, Marvel and Bobby Flax paddled over the Greenbrier River to take the express to Washington. Marvel lit his pipe and smoked it, watching the oars swing in Bobby's small hands. He thought the boy's jeans fitted him rather sparingly, but he also thought Bobby's mother must be a very dexterous young woman to turn out such neat homespun,

When they got into the train, Marvel's protégé took off his hat and crossed his feet. Taking off his hat was a dramatic performance with Bobby, for he had a superb young head, with an ethereal lot of curls twisted bewilderingly about it. They were the soft, flaxen curls which the French dolls have in the windows on Broadway, and they were strange upon this brown boy. They gave Marvel twinges of reproach, too; Bobby's mother had the same curls.

"Do you think you will like it, Bobby?" he asked.

"Yes," he murmured, and a smile wrinkled his shy mouth.

Marvel reflected that hitherto the lines had not fallen in happy places for Robin Cranberry. That was his real name; "Bobby Flax" had come with the curls. His father was a disconsolate farmer. Misfortune trailed after him everywhere. The crowning disaster had come one night, when his house burned to the earth, and left him and his wife and children a naked group at the mercy of the winds. Bobby's mother had caught cold that night. She was a very young mother, and Bobby was the first in a long flight of steps.

From the time he was able to toddle, he had sold baskets, which his mother made, to the ladies in the hotel. Marvel first saw the boy when his father leased a farm near the Springs, which was part of the Marvel property. The young man liked his fine brown face and his pathetic little energies, and resolved to give him a career. He wrote to Washington, and succeeded in getting him a place as page in the Senate. It had been a keen and delicate affair, kidnapping Bobby, but Marvel's diplomacy was equal to the occasion, and at last they were on their way to Washington together.

"It's very pretty in here, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes," Bobby rejoined. "I've often sold baskets for mother in these trains, but I never sat down in one before. You can see yourself in the looking glass, too. I wish mother could see *herself* in a good looking glass," he added radiantly.

"Your mother is a beautiful woman,"

Marvel said softly. "I know only two women whose faces compare with hers. One is a dear friend of mine, a Mrs. Earle, and the other a Mrs. Cherrington."

"Will I see them?" Bobby breathed.

"Perhaps," Marvel said. "I have adopted you, Bobby; and if anything should happen to me, Mrs. Cherrington has promised to take care of you."

He bought a lot of illustrated papers for the boy, and then strolled into the other car to smoke. The vivid figures in *Life* and *Truth* were quite old friends to Bobby. The dining room at the farm was papered with them. He looked at them all, and then curled up on the velvet seat and went to sleep.

The journey was soon over. When they stepped off the car in Washington, deep flushes rose in Bobby's cheeks, and he trod fast upon Marvel's heels. It was raining, and a cab carried them away. The dome of the Capitol was very white against the quiet sky, and the green wilderness about it sharpened the picture to Bobby's enchanted eyes.

Marvel was thinking too deeply to speak. He took out Mrs. Cherrington's letter.

"If, in case anything should happen to you," he read, "little Bobby Flax is to be an inheritance to me, let me offer a few suggestions. Do not fit him out anew to take him to Washington. Let him travel there in the modest clothes which came from his mother's fingers. Make him feel that his career is within his grasp. Take him to a modest apartment to live. Wait until he is very much older to give him glimpses into the sumptuous life of the club. Train his hands to toil, and talk to him at night about God and his mother. It would be much easier to indulge so sweet a boy, but you have his body and soul in your keeping."

And Marvel had obeyed her orders. The cab stopped at a white frame house near the Capitol: The pillars along the porch were wrapped in ivy. Swiss curtains fluttered in the windows, and a pot of primroses stood on the steps. Bobby's home was to be as simple as Mrs. Cherrington could wish.

"Bobby," said Marvel after breakfast, "I want to tell you why I brought you to Washington in a suit of your mother's home-spun, instead of ordering clothes for you from my tailor. There are handsomer clothes in the world than those of your mother's weaving, but there are none so good for you to wear. Your mother is very young and frail, Bobby—very young and frail indeed, and very pretty. She will be

a beauty in the gowns you can buy for her here. Your father's health is broken; his spirit is broken, too. You must take his burdens upon your back. You will have seventy five dollars a month, and I will help you.

"The boys smoke cigarettes about the Capitol. You will wish to smoke them, too. You must think always that the money you would put into a package of cigarettes would buy a bunch of ribbon to nestle at your mother's throat; and when you walk those marble floors, do not forget that one day she is coming up to sit in her calico dress among those gorgeous women in the gallery, and to claim you as her own. And there is another—the beautiful woman who has promised to take care of you if I should die or go away. She told me to say these things to you. She knows your mother. She used to give her ribbons and candy when you were a baby."

Bobby had dropped his eyes. His black lashes were wet. Marvel affected not to see this as he turned up his trousers, and took his umbrella.

"We will walk over to the Capitol now," he said. "It is a quarter to nine, and you were to report for duty at nine o'clock."

Bobby did report. He laid his brown hand on the Bible, and reverently took the oath, and Marvel watched him make his fluttering signature.

He was soon as deft as any other page. He flashed through the narrow aisles, carrying books and letters. He listened to the speeches, treasuring the humorous parts. Marvel came in to lunch with him sometimes.

"My mother has so many little children," Bobby said wistfully one evening, "and at night she is so tired. I can just feel how tired she is; and she looks so pretty in her nightcap, by the log fire. Did you ever see her in her nightcap, Mr. Marvel?"

"No," said Marvel, with sparks in his dark eyes.

"I can buy her a lot of pretty nightcaps, and when she comes to visit me"—Bobby rose and walked the floor—"when she comes to visit me, I will have the nightcaps and a pair of soft slippers on the foot of her bed. I used to take off her shoes and stockings, and her feet are as pink as roses. You'd never think she'd been up and down the hill to the spring three times a day ever since I was born. She's only twenty eight, and she's never been in a train or on a boat."

The summer deepened, and the session lasted. Bobby gave up the hope of going

home to bring his mother back for a visit. She wrote him that she had a very bad cold, and alarm filled his little soul. It was a silent alarm. The issues in Bobby's young existence were all silent ones.

One day a young woman strayed into the Senate chamber. She was a very slight creature, and she had slipped past the doorkeeper. He called to her that women were not permitted entrance there. Two or three men told her so, too, as she passed them on the way in.

A white haired old Senator was just rising to the supreme sentence in his speech. He was near the door, and she tremulously touched his arm. She had come through the rain in a white muslin dress. Her sun-bonnet fell to her shoulder, and her flaxen hair fell with it in damp curls about her face.

"Take this young girl out," said the Senator to a doorkeeper.

"I am not a young girl," she said. "I am looking for my little boy. I wrote to him to meet me at the train. I guess he didn't get the letter. Do you know him?"

"My dear young lady, he is not here, and you are transgressing the law. No woman is admitted to this floor."

"He must be here," she said, and her eyes traveled everywhere. They were large, strong eyes, and they seemed to baffle even the sunshine as they searched the faces that were turned to her.

"Where can I find him?" she cried.

The women in the galleries bent their glasses. The Senators strolled down the aisles. In her anguish and embarrassment she was like a piece of marble. The sergeant at arms spoke to her, but she did not seem to hear. Then he laid his hand upon her, pushing her gently toward the door. It swung open, and Bobby Flax ran in. His forehead wrinkled roughly, his soft eyes seeming to have caught fire. He looked like a very young avenging angel.

"Do not touch her," he cried, pointing with his brown finger. "She is my mother!"

He ran to her then, and flung himself into her arms. He tore away the wet bonnet from her shoulders, and shook the rain from her hair. Her merry laughter went through the white chamber.

"I am very sorry," she said simply, turning to the Senators. "It was a pity to trouble you, but"—and her eyes flew blithely around the room—"I had been looking for Bobby all day in the rain;" and taking Bobby's hand, she vanished.

The white haired old Senator rose. "I

move that we adjourn," he said, with deep resonance, "out of respect for Bobby and his mother."

Mrs. Cranberry paid Bobby a long visit. Marvel spent his afternoons with them, and they went everywhere. She was very picturesque in her print dress, and her white bonnet, with the flaxen curls beneath. Sometimes, in the dimness of a great church, Marvel found himself wondering how he could ever have thought that her beauty lacked fiber. Under the purple and crimson tints of the stained glass, there was something almost mystical in her fairness. The hardness of her lot had wrought little hollows in her pink cheeks, and left shadows about her eyes; but the curls made her look wonderfully like a child, and big, bright smiles kept slipping over her delicate mouth.

At last the train rolled away that carried her beyond the mountains. Bobby consoled himself with the thought that winter would soon be over, and he and Marvel would go out to the farm for the summer. At Christmas, he sent his mother a lavender shawl, to wear to church, with the hope that her cold was well. He told her the pretty things people said of her, finishing with the warm assurance, "I love you. And I am not the only one. Mr. Marvel loves you too."

It was the coldest Christmas Bobby had ever known. The mails were late, and the wires were frozen. Among Marvel's belated letters, there came a note to Bobby:

MY DEAR SON:

Your mother died last Thursday. 'Twan't no use to telegraph. We buried her Saturday. Don't come home; there is nothing you can do, Bobby.

Your father,

DICK CRANBERRY.

Marvel was at the window, looking out into the street, as Bobby read his letter.

"Some little boys are snowballing each other on Maryland Avenue," he observed, turning around. "In the name of God, Bobby, what is the matter?"

"My mother is dead, Mr. Marvel," he said softly. "She has been dead a long time. She died Thursday—Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday"—he counted on his fingers—"Mr. Marvel, my mother has been dead six days."

Marvel took his pipe from his lips, and the sparks in it rolled out and burned his scarlet dressing gown. He sat down quietly in a big arm chair.

"Come here, Bobby."

Bobby rose and walked to him.

"Your mother is dead, Bobby," he began, with a deep tremor in his tones. "My mother is dead, too, and I know what you feel. I know all the things which you cannot possibly tell me." He ran his fingers through Bobby's hair, and played with one of his curls. "My mother was not so young as your mother, when she died. I was not as young as you, either, but I needed her then as much as you need your beautiful mother now. I was not good like you, Bobby. I was a man of the world. I cost my mother heartaches. It seems to me that she died that I might learn to live. At her grave, I gave my energies to my living, in remembrance of the dead. She loved churches, like your mother, and I built a church to her memory—a little chapel where the Ragtags and the Bobtails could come in their torn trousers and pinafores.

"You are going to build a church like that now, Bobby—I will write the check in a moment—a little gray stone church among the hills. The doors will be wide

enough to let in the biggest sinner, and the windows will be open, that the birds may flash in if they will. The bell in the steeple will offer its blithe invitation, and the gold cross will lift its arms bravely to heaven. Your little sisters shall trim the marble altar with flowers, and in summer Mrs. Cherrington and Mrs. Earle will sing there. Who knows?" he murmured, dreamily. "The organ's soft tones may break up the storm in some forlorn heart."

As Marvel talked, tears came to Bobby's eyes. His own tears trickled down, and were salt in his mouth.

"You made your mother's death easy and sweet, Bobby. Isn't it something for you to feel that from the first breath you drew, you were a pleasant thought in her young life? And when you begin to bear it, and to live again, you will feel that it is better to have her up there—"

Bobby's eyes closed. Marvel laid him down, and pulling his scarlet dressing gown together, dropped on his knees.



CLOSE QUARTERS.

Love looked in the door of my heart, and said:

"Ah, there is no room for me here!"

And then he withdrew his curly head,

And I saw, in his eye, a tear.

"It's business, always business!" he sighed;

"And horses and books and art!

And a yearning for fame and wealth beside

Has crowded and crammed your heart!"

But I answered humbly: "Without a doubt,

What you say, O Love, is true;

But wait till I move this lumber out,

For I must make room for you!"

Harry Romaine.



LOVE IS IMMUTABLE

I

When every one was tall, dear,
With shoulders towering high
Above the ears of all, dear,
None worshiped you as I.

II

When every one was quaint, dear,
In style of long ago,
Then too you were my saint, dear,
In frill and furbelow.

III

Now every one is stout,
dear,
And you like all the rest,
With shoulders spreading
out, dear,
And pointing east and west,

IV

But still I love you true, dear,
And—for you're not to
blame—
Though fashion changes
you, dear,
I'll love you just the same.



THE PLOWMAN POET.

Robert Burns, his brief, unhappy life, and its many passages of romance—The remarkable personality of a unique figure in the literary annals of Scotland.

By George Holme.

FOND, friendly, manly, witty; as full of faults and weaknesses as of strength and beauty of nature; lifting up his face to the morning sun, glad with a sense of living, as the flowers and grass are glad; singing his songs as lightly as the birds—all these was the plowman poet!

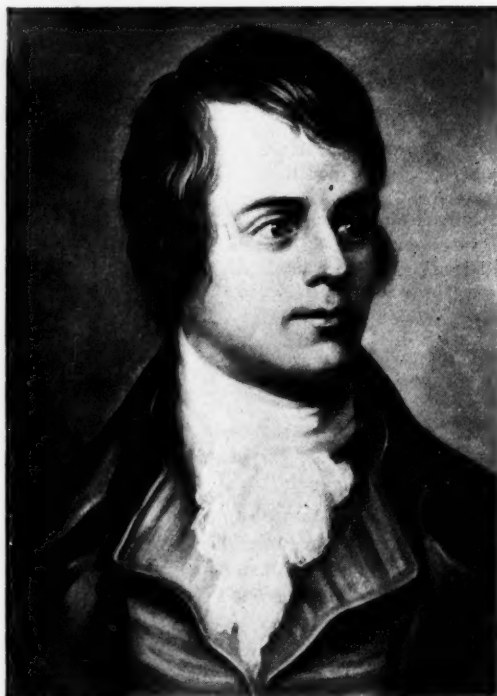
No man ever lived who was more truly loved by men and women alike than Robert Burns. His heart was so warm, the blood rushed so impetuously through his veins, that some one said

the touch of his hand burned. He was as natural as a faun, and he thrilled as instinctively to every pulsation of nature. He wrote to his friend, Mrs. Dunlop:

"I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild cadence of a troop of gray plover in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Are we a piece of machinery, which like the Æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident?"

In every way Burns seemed like that finely tuned instrument, struck into melody by everything that touched him. He was not the uneducated man he is often supposed to have been. His father, while only a market gardener, was a man of lofty thought, very ambitious for his children. When they were small he engaged for them a talented young schoolmaster named William Murdoch, to whom Robert Burns always acknowledged a great debt. All the members of the Burns family were fond of books. But none of them had the fire of Robert; none of them felt that kinship with all living things which made him pity the homeless mouse, and think compassionately of the cattle on the mountain sides.

He was only eighteen when he had his first love affair, which made his brother Gilbert say that "the symptoms of his passion were such as to equal



Robert Burns.

From the portrait by Krüger.

those of the celebrated Sappho. The agitations of his mind and body exceeded anything of the kind ever seen before in real life."

The first person who so strongly influenced Burns was beautiful Peggy Thompson. It is altogether likely that

him in these earlier years by his individuality, his fiery enthusiasm, his vividness of imagination and expression. His brother Gilbert said that he never wrote on paper half the brilliant thoughts that ran from his tongue while he was cutting peat in the bog.



"Robert Burns and Highland Mary."

From the painting by Thomas Faed.

the object of this affection never knew of it at all. At this time Burns kept faith with that moral order of nature with which he was in such sympathetic harmony. Sometimes in later years, when he was in violent conflict with it, he was plunged into the depths of wretchedness in his serious moments. Quick transitions of feeling were among his most marked characteristics.

He charmed every one who came near

When he became famous, the great people of Edinburgh were amazed by the wit of his conversation, as his family had been in the cottage at home.

During the time when he was creating the foundations of his fame, the brothers were farming at Mossgiel. Robert bought an account book in which to put down "farming memorandums." "Green Grow the Rushes," was one of the "memorandums." In

the next two years he wrote "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "The Jolly Beggars," and many shorter poems, composed while following the plow.

In these same years the tragedies of Burns' life happened. One day he saw a pretty girl spreading linen in the

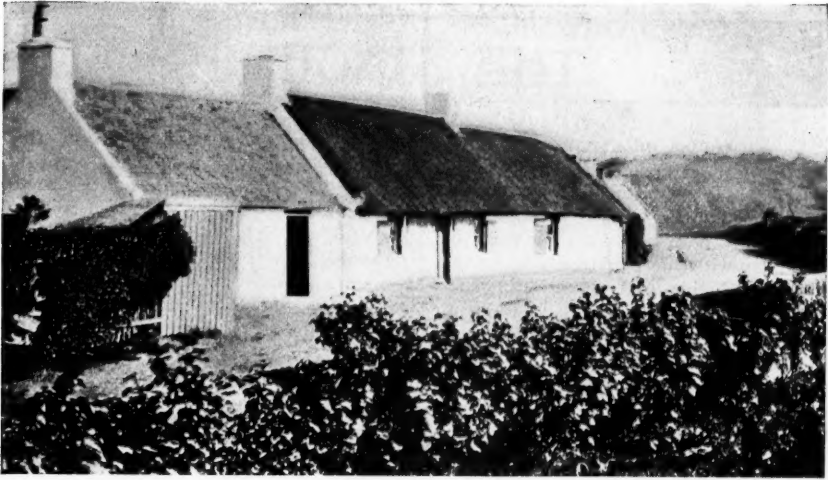
Burns, in desperation, was preparing to go to the West Indies, when he met Mary Campbell, whom his genius has made known to all the world as "Highland Mary." She was only a nurse maid, but a good girl, whom Burns saw through the rosy light of his own ideal-



Burns' Grave at Dumfries.

village, and lost his heart to her. It was not long before he found himself in a position where he must either marry when he saw no way to support a wife, or desert a simple girl whom he had wronged. He was too tender of heart to hesitate, and he gave Jean Armour an acknowledgment which in Scotland made her his wife. But Jean's father saw no palliation of his daughter's offense in her becoming the wife of a pauper, and he destroyed the paper.

ism. He plighted his troth to her on the banks of the Ayr, a Bible between them, and Mary went away and died of a fever, without disenchantment ever coming to either of them. Burns has told us how he remembered her in his poem "To Mary in Heaven." About the same time he wrote "I Love My Jean"; and we know that the ordinary current of life was not interrupted by these episodes, for we find him writing "The Bonnie Lass o' Ballockmyle,"



Burns' Cottage at Ayr.

which was inspired by a glimpse of his landlord's sister passing by.

In the midst of his troubles it occurred to Burns to give himself a larger class of sympathizers than the few neighbors who read his poems in manuscript, and he published a small volume. It met with such success that he went up to Edinburgh, where his wit and brilliant talk, as well as his lovable personality, his unnamable magnetism, made him the lion of the day. He found friends among the great, and the most cultured were struck by the independence, the energy, of his conversation.

In Edinburgh he won the love of Mrs. McLehose, whom he called "Clarinda." She was striving to obtain a divorce from her husband, in order to marry Burns, when he returned suddenly to Mossiel, legally married Jean Armour, and added the following line to his "memorandums:"

"I can fancy how, but have never seen where, I could have made a better choice."

Burns was now thirty four, with only a few years of life before him; and he was Pegasus harnessed to the plow. He became an exciseman, for the support of his family. The French Revolution was going on, and although his sympa-

thies were all violently republican, he was obliged to hide his real feeling to keep his position.

It was not long before his love of life, of movement, of color, tore Burns away from this gray routine of existence, and started him upon a round of revelry where he wasted his magnificent gifts. Coming out of his excesses, his remorse tinged his whole thoughts, and almost drove him to madness. His mind and his body waged a conflict which a milder nature could never understand. To drown his self contempt, he plunged again into dissipation, which undermined his health. He died when he was thirty seven, a young man who should have been in the very zenith of life. As he lay on his death bed, he composed, to please his servant maid Jessie, the exquisite little poem, "Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast," which Mendelssohn afterward set to music.

It is the songs of Burns which have made him loved, great as are some of his longer poems. "Auld Lang Syne," "Ye Banks and Braes," and others, belong to the race. Perhaps, had the accidents of life not struck him so violently, we should not have had from his soul such elementary chords—chords that vibrate again through all humanity.

THE STAGE

LOUISE BEAUDET.

IN Miss Beaudet's career she has run the gamut of stage experiences from leading rôles in tragedy to the position of a figurante in spectacle. Born in France, she came to this country with her parents in the seventies, and made her first appearance, as so many others have done, with a juvenile "Pinafore" company. Then followed an engagement with Aimée, in French opera bouffe, after which she acted for a short time with the stock company of the Baldwin Theater, San Francisco. Next we find Miss

Beaudet making a tour of the world with the tragedian, Daniel Bandmann, covering a period of four years. On her return to America she appeared as *Ariel* in a Chicago production of "The Tempest;" as the leading soubrette in "Paola," after which she became a member of the Lillian Russell company at the New York Casino. Succeeding this engagement, she sang with Pauline Hall in "Puritania," and then for eight months played the part of *Progress* in the spectacle "America."

For the present season Miss Beaudet is being starred by Fred C. Whitney in the Mexican comic opera "Jacinta." The Whitney Opera Company, by the way, has the honor of presenting De Koven & Smith's latest work, "Rob Roy." This is booked for a long season at New York's newest theater, the Herald Square, and in it Miss Anna O'Keefe, formerly with De Wolf Hopper, will return to the lyric stage, appearing as a "Highland laddie."

LULU GLASER AT HOME.

MISS GLASER is every whit as attractive off the stage as upon it, with an abounding sense of humor, and a natural vivacity that easily accounts for her extraordinary success in the short time she has been before the public.

"Let us hear from MUNSEY'S your own story of how you came to take up the stage. There were none in your family who had ever been on it? No inherited taste for the life?"

"Not a bit of it. I just had a passionate longing to sing. I talked of it incessantly, and finally father said to mother: 'Let her try it; she will never be satisfied until she does. You go with her to New York and we shall see what comes of it.' So to New York my mother and I came, and through a friend who knew somebody else who knew Francis Wilson's leader of the orchestra, I got an introduc-



Louise Beaudet.



Lulu Glaser.

From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1894, by W. M. Morrison, Chicago.

tion to this all important personage. For of all the opera companies that came to Pittsburgh, I had decided that the Wilson company was the one I wanted to join.

"Well, I think it was all of a month we had to wait before the interview could be arranged, and then one eventful day I sang for Mr. de Novellis on the stage of the Broadway Theater. No, strangely enough I wasn't nervous in the least. The song, I remember, was 'My Lady's Bower,' and when I had finished it Mr. de Novellis said that he would suggest that I should see Mr. Wilson—the great Wilson,' as I described him in a letter to my father after the first interview. The company was about to produce 'The Lion Tamer,' and Mr. Wilson made me understudy to Miss Marie

Jansen, meantime giving me a place in the chorus.

"My chance to sing alone came sooner than I anticipated; before I was ready for it, evidently, because on the night when Miss Jansen fell ill, and I was to take her place, I fainted before the curtain went up. But I was not discouraged. 'She is sure to do splendidly now,' Mr. Wilson said, when he heard of that faint. A few months after that Miss Jansen resigned to become a star, and Mr. Wilson informed me, while I was still in the chorus, that I was to have her place. And he regarded it as the greatest achievement of my life that for the four remaining weeks of the season I never told a soul of what was in store for me.

"My favorite part, I think, is *Angela* in

'The Lion Tamer,' but I take kindly to *Elverine*, the rôle I am now playing in 'The Devil's Deputy' at Abbey's. Hasn't Mr. Wilson a funny make up? When he came on at the first dress rehearsal, I exclaimed: 'Am I expected to fall in love with that?' 'Do I look funny?' he replied. 'Yes, you certainly do,' I told him. 'Then that's all I want,' he declared."

A YOUNG ACTOR AND A VETERAN.

FEW greater contrasts can be found than exists between the two men whose portraits appear on this page. The one, Francis Carlyle, just beginning his career as leading juvenile with Augustin Daly, and with no traditions to speak of; the other E. M. Holland, character actor of A. M. Palmer's stock company, with a his-



Francis Carlyle.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



E. M. Holland.

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

tory teeming with incidents of interest gathered in his stage career of thirty years, dating from his engaging as call boy at Mrs. John Wood's Olympic Theater in 1863, when he was fifteen years old. He was born in New York City, his father being the George Holland famous in the old Wallack "stock." His two brothers, George and Joe, have made names for themselves in the profession, the one as manager of the Girard Avenue Theater in Philadelphia, the other as leading man of Charles Frohman's Comedians.

E. M. Holland made his first appearance as an actor at Barnum's Museum, in 1866, and the very next year joined the Wallack company. He remained with them for thirteen

years, subject to the splendid discipline of the house, imbibing the traditions of the place, and mingling with men like Dion Boucicault, John Brougham, and other great lights of the mimic world. In talking of these years, Mr. Holland speaks almost

notably as *Captain Redwood* in "Jim the Penman," as *Colonel Moberly* in "Alabama," and in the title rôle of "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," the latter being his pet play. New Yorkers will have the pleasure this winter of seeing this sterling actor in a



Ellen Beach Yaw.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

reverently, as though alluding to a period that was sacred.

In 1880 he went to Mr. A. M. Palmer, appearing in "French Flats" at the Union Square. Then, joining McKee Rankin, he traveled in America and Europe as the *Judge* in "The Danites." For one season after that he was at the old Park, under Abbey, and then in 1883 he went back to Mr. Palmer at the Madison Square, and has remained with him ever since. During this period he has done some splendid work,

series of parts in American plays at Palmer's, the first of the list being *Cortland Crandall* in "New Blood." This drama of the business world, however, has failed to please, and after Olga Nethersole's engagement in "The Transgressor" is concluded, a later product of Augustus Thomas' pen will be put on.

A REMARKABLE VOICE.

ELLEN BEACH YAW is something more than a fine singer; her voice is a phenomenal



Marie Valleanu.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

one in the fullest sense of that much abused word. It extends over nearly four octaves, from G below to E in the altissimo. The following comparison may be interesting:



The world records only one other singer approaching such a range—Lucrezia Ajugari, the protégée of Mozart, and Miss Yaw's goes four full tones higher. She was born in New York, has studied much

abroad, and her present home is in California.

Aside from its extraordinary compass, Miss Yaw's voice has received high praise for its purity and sweetness of tone. When she sings the mad scene from "Hamlet," she is described as simply "feeling aloud."

HOW ONE ACTRESS STARTED.

MARIE VALLEAU began her stage career in an odd manner. While "In Old Kentucky" was being played in New York last winter she went to the manager and inquired if she could be allowed to essay the part of *Barbara Holton* without salary. He consented, and at the end of the first week asked Miss Valleanu if she would not continue



Caroline Miskel (Mrs. Charles Hoyt).

From her latest photograph—Copyright 1891, by W. M. Morrison, Chicago.

with him a second week on the same terms. She was much gratified, and readily acquiesced. At the expiration of that time the manager expressed himself as much pleased with her work, and invited her to play the season out, and then go to Chicago with the company.

"But if I do this," Miss Vallean replied "I think you ought to give me a salary even if it is only a small one."

"Oh, that would be out of the question," replied the artful manager, adding, "but I'll do this: I'll pay your fare out to Chicago."

Miss Vallean did not accept this liberal offer, but she was not left without a position. She is now with M. B. Curtis in

"Sam'l of Posen," and her name is not omitted from the salary list. She is a Canadian by birth, but immediately preceding her debut was a resident of St. Paul, Minnesota, where she married William G. Fralich, telegraph editor of the *Globe* of that city. He died some two years since.

BRIGHTER PROSPECTS.

THE record for the first few weeks of the new season, at the majority of metropolitan theaters, is a very encouraging one. Good houses have been the rule, and poor ones the exception. Unfortunately it cannot be said that this has been due to the sterling character of the attractions offered. It is

the personality of the players, that has been the magnet drawing the public. De Wolf Hopper and Francis Wilson have both presented new operas, to the loudly expressed delight of their admirers.

Mr. Drew's new play, "The Bauble

she occupies a box on first nights with her husband.

E. S. WILLARD AT HOME.

A NEW incentive to bring English actors to America has put itself in evidence. It



E. S. Willard.

From a photograph by Savory, New York.

Shop," has proved a success, while "The New Boy," Charles Frohman's other London importation, suffers from inadequate interpretation of its leading rôle.

Harrigan's still remains dark, and the Madison Square did not open until October 8. It is to be known henceforth simply as Hoyt's, and the new season was inaugurated by the unfurling of that gentleman's "Milk White Flag." Caroline Miskel Hoyt's beautiful face will be missed from behind the footlights, as only tantalizing glimpses of it can hereafter be obtained as

seems that American dollars are not the only good things they carry back home with them. Nowadays a success made in "the States" means a reflected succession of good houses when once more the British player treads his native boards. Reports come across the Atlantic of the cordial welcome home extended to E. S. Willard, who opened in London with "The Professor's Love Story," to remain a week or two, and stayed as many months. But Mr. Willard is surely a prophet whose country honors itself in honoring him.



Marie Burroughs.

From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1894, by W. M. Morrison, Chicago.

Few actresses count so many admirers among their own sex as Marie Burroughs, Mr. Willard's leading lady during his engagements here. Miss Burroughs is thinking seriously of taking out a company of her own, with her husband, Louis F. Massen, as leading man. Her sister Agnes also has also stellar aspirations. Their mother, Mrs. Arrington, was one of the belles of California twenty five years ago.

— "A WAY TO WIN A WOMAN."

THE hope expressed in these pages last month that we should soon be permitted to see Mr. Sothorn in a play more worthy of his ability than that with which he opened his present season, was gratified by the production, at the New York Lyceum, of the drama written expressly for him by Jerome

K. Jerome. "A Way to Win a Woman" is called a comedy on the bills, but it is only in the opening act that this element strongly predominates. From this point on the human interest, compelled by the development of the play's main *motif*—the succumbing to a great temptation and its effect on *Halward's* character—overpowers everything else, and holds the auditor in undivided attention to the unfolding of the plot itself. So skilfully has this interest been made cumulative that improbabilities outcropping here and there are freely forgiven, and when the final curtain falls on the unconventional tableau of only two on the stage, enacting the strongest scene of the piece, one draws a long breath and mentally ejaculates: "That is a good play, capitably performed."

ETCHINGS

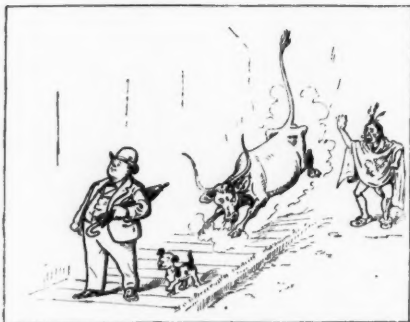
A WIFE'S DUTY.

MOST public men learn to take newspaper criticisms good humoredly. When Sir Robert Peel was premier of England, his wife, Lady Jane Peel, used to cut out

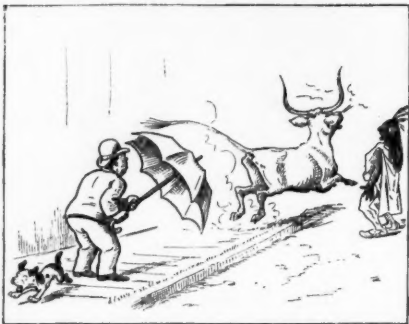
all the hostile articles she saw, and paste them upon a large screen.

"There is nothing very singular in that," said the famous free trader one day. "It is the duty of every good wife to screen her husband's faults."

AN EXPERIMENT THAT FAILED.



I—GREEN THUNDER, the Indian—"Wah, white man look out! Steer coming!"



II—"White man great head!"



IV—"Big chief buy one them things."

ROOM FOR SPECULATION.

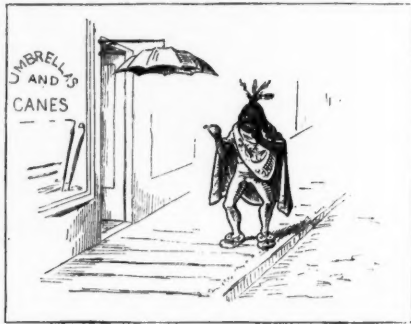
THERE was one moment when I might—
But that was long ago—
Have tempted fate, one summer night,
And gained her Yes or No.

And though I do not since regret
I curbed my heart's desire,
I often wonder if she's met
A man to satisfy her;

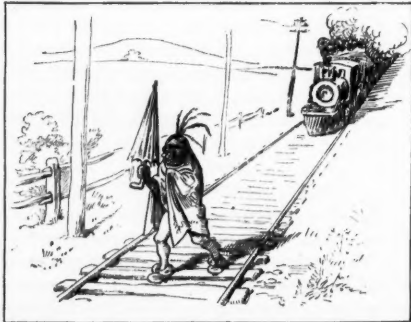
And what the word she would have said,
If I my hand had shown;
And whether I were better wed
Than living all alone!

AN IMPERIAL CRITIC.

THE third Napoleon regarded his imperial prerogatives as extending into the theatrical



III—"Big chief got idea."



V—"Big chief not afraid now!"



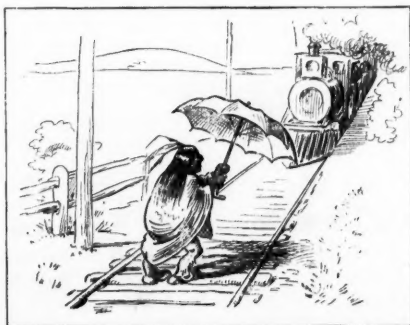
NO INCONSISTENCY.

THE DAUGHTER—"Can't you let me have that hundred dollars, father? I once heard you say that you would give your last cent to your children."

THE FATHER—"Yes, but I haven't got to my last cent yet."

world, and thought that his dramatic criticisms should possess the force of laws. A play that displeased him was likely to be suppressed by the government. On the

other hand, when a protégé of his, named Lemerrier, wrote a piece, he ordered it produced, and—though he had not seen it—declared that it was a masterpiece.



VI—"Big chief try how thing works."



VII—Picking up the fragments.



SHE WAS A GREENHORN.

AMY—"What did you call your new servant—Bliss?"

ALICE—"Yes—her name is Delia, but I call her Bliss. Ignorance is bliss, you know."

THE DOG, THE FRIEND OF MAN.



I—"What fo' you sittin' dar waggin' dat ole tail? Pleased ter see you poor ole master workin' hard, is you?"

The public disagreed with him, and the play was hissed, a contingent of students taking the lead in the insubordinate demonstration. The emperor forbade the withdrawal of the drama, and for three nights the disturbance was repeated. On the fourth Napoleon announced his intention of attending the performance himself, and hinted that any expression of disapproval would entail serious consequences upon the offender.

When the curtain rose, the house was crowded from floor to roof. The first two

acts were received in perfect silence. The beginning of the third act had been the point at which the hissing had broken out; but this time the silence continued. The emperor, somewhat surprised, but gratified, looked around the house. A curious sight met his eyes. From the topmost gallery downward, every man in the audience had donned a huge cotton nightcap, and sat with drooping head, as if fast asleep.

Napoleon could not resist the joke. He burst out laughing, and left the theater; and another piece was given on the following evening.



II—"Huh, dat a good idea! Now you kin wag dat ole tail all you want!"

THE HERO.

A Ball Room Ballad.

HE looked so handsome, proud, and brave
As he stood there, straight and tall,
With his steadfast eyes so gray, so grave,
The beau of the Hunt Club ball.

Ah me! Full many a white breast sighed
For the favor in his hand—
For the love of a heart so true, so tried,
For life—you understand.

He looked a hero—he was more,
A martyr, too, perchance,
For he went to the oldest girl on the floor
And led her out to dance.

A SELF SENT REMINDER.

A CERTAIN French statesman, who had a quick temper, and was aware of the fact, devised an ingenious method of correcting a fault so fatal to an ambitious politician. A visitor called upon him one day, and a rather warm discussion arose between the two. The controversy was interrupted by the appearance of a servant, who entered and handed the minister a note. On opening it, the great man changed his tone, and assumed a manner of quiet urbanity.

The caller, puzzled, cast a furtive glance at the letter, and saw, to his surprise, that it was simply a blank sheet. Still more puzzled, on leaving the house he offered the minister's servant a louis to explain the mysterious effect a plain piece of paper had produced upon his master. On condition of secrecy, the man told him.

"My master," he said, "has ordered me to stand constantly in the ante chamber when he is seeing visitors in his own room; and whenever his voice is raised sufficiently for me to hear it, my instructions are to place a sheet of paper in an envelope and carry it to him at once. That reminds him that his temper is getting the better of him, and he makes an effort and controls it."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

I CAN give the age no message,
In my tuneful bursts of song;
My words would die on the people's ears,
And they would not heed them long.

I can only urge the counsel
The Quaker gave to his son—
"Be good and you will be happy:
But you'll miss a lot of fun."

TAKING THE WIND OUT OF HIS SAILS

A FAMOUS bass singer, who is particularly proud of his low chest notes, was at the Vienna opera house last season. One night he had an opportunity to go to the bottom of his register—C below the bass clef. He

did it successfully, making the very house shake to the sonorous note.

At the end he paused for the customary thunder of applause; but to his disgust he became aware of a thunderous sound of a different nature. A musical sailor in the gallery was calmly delivering a B flat—a note two semitones below the star basso's!

BY WAY OF CONTRAST.

She boasts of no great learning, she has no extensive yearning

For the knowledge gained at college or the higher sort of schools;

She does not show a passion ('tis the *fin de siècle* fashion)

For the mystic, cabalistic fads and isms pushed by fools.

She does not waste the hours talking woman's rights and powers,

Or explaining that now reigning mad desire for reform;

The woful missionary or the Indian on the prairie

Does not keep her out of sleep, or make her start a verbal storm.

But ah, just keep a looking at the maiden sweet a cooking,

How she bakes the bread and cakes—the sight will fill you with surprise;

And O, the joy emphatic, O, the pleasure most ecstatic

In you resting when you're testing her fine puddings and her pies!

CITY LOTS FOR A FARM.

FROM Omaha comes a story that is amusingly characteristic of the enterprise of the suburban real estate dealer. It seems that a farmer came into town the other day, called at an agent's office, and said that he wanted to trade his farm for some city lots.

"All right," the dealer replied; "get into my buggy, and I'll drive you to see some of the finest residence sites in the world—water, sewers, paved streets, cement sidewalks, electric light, and shade trees."

They drove on for several miles, getting pretty far out into the country. The agent's horse went fast, and his tongue still faster as he expatiated upon the beauty of the surroundings, the convenience of the location, its proximity to the city, the abundant means of communication, the improvements made or projected, and the certainty of a rapid increase in the value of the lots. He had reached the middle of his oration when he incidentally asked his companion,

"Where did you say your farm was?"

"Oh," the other answered, "we passed it coming out here. It's about two miles nearer town."

A NECESSARY CONSEQUENCE.

By Francis Lynde.

THE hands of the small clock on Lloyd's desk pointed to half past six, and the electric street lamps were beginning to cast faint silhouettes of the passing pedestrians upon the plate glass window of the office. The floor of the room was a little below the level of the street, and from where he was sitting Lloyd could see nothing but the hurrying feet of the throngs on the sidewalk. For the last fifteen minutes he had been listlessly watching the shuffling procession, wondering vaguely if any of the more hesitant footsteps staggered under a burden that was any heavier than his own.

As the shadows deepened the artificial glare grew stronger, streaming in through the window, and framing an indistinct blur on the carpet projected by the lettering of the sign on the upper half of the glass. Lloyd turned from the window, and sat staring abstractedly at the spot of shadow on the floor until he could trace the outlines of the letters and the words:

THOS. LLOYD,
BROKER AND MINING EXPERT.

He had come to regard the terse legend in the light of a talisman; it stood for whatever havings and gatherings of respectability attached to him as a man of business; and these, in turn, in the transitional period of a growing Western community, had served as vouchers for his social standing. He knew that he had fairly earned a good report. He had gone about it earnestly and honestly on the day six years before when he had determined to win the love of Grace Thirley; and six years of good behavior in the strenuous, restless life of Denver had quite effaced the record of those other years when he had been an irresponsible bit of driftwood tossed about by the surging current of the Leadville excitement.

And now, just as he was beginning to wonder how he could have so far forgotten himself in those other years; to look forward a little into the future, to the time when the affection of his children should grow into respect and reverence for an honorable father—just now, when all things were going well with him, to have the grim

specter of the past thrust its unwelcome face into his peaceful home circle! It was maddening. A hard light came into his eyes as he rose and paced the floor thinking what a worse man might do in his place.

Then he began to reason about it. After all, it was only a printed line. He took the paper from his pocket and went to the window to read it again. It was a single paragraph among the hotel arrivals—"Mrs. Pearl Lloyd, Omaha."

A passing shadow stopped in front of the window, and looking up Lloyd saw a face pressed against the glass; a moment later the door opened and a man stumbled over the threshold.

"What on top of earth are you doing here at this time of night, Lloyd? Why haven't you got a light?" demanded the new comer.

"Is that you, Bently?" said Lloyd. "I'm glad you came. You're the one man in Denver, or in the world, for that matter, that I wanted to see. Turn on the light if you care for it."

The visitor reached the swinging incandescent globe over the desk, and turned the key. "I supposed you'd gone home long ago. I came across the street to look in because I thought I saw some one standing at the window—great heavens, Tom! What's happened to you?" Bently had caught sight of Lloyd's haggard face.

"The worst that could happen; read the Markham arrivals"—handing the paper to his visitor.

"I don't see anything," said Bently, going carelessly over the list. "John Jones and wife, Leadville—Peter Hardinger, Rosita—J. Hackley, Greeley—Mrs. Pearl—" Bently gave a low whistle of astonishment and laid the paper down. "I don't wonder that you look as if you'd had a run of mountain fever! Have you seen her?"

"Not yet."

"Of course she'll hunt you up—that's what she's here for."

"I suppose so."

"What are you going to do?"

"What would you do?"

Bently knit his brows and blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling. "That's a

hard question to answer off hand; and any way, my advice wouldn't do any good. You know I told you to fight in the beginning of it."

"You did not know her as well as I did. She was quite capable of carrying out her threat, at whatever cost to herself; and if she was merciless then, what will she be now when she learns—when she finds out about Grace and the children?"

"You forget that I don't know anything about the circumstances. All you ever told me was that she had a grip on you that you couldn't shake off."

"And I can only repeat that now. I can't go into details with any one—not even with you, Harry." Lloyd thrust his hands into his pockets and resumed his nervous walk up and down the room.

"Of course that's your privilege, Tom," replied Bently. "I believe I made some such remark some six or seven years ago, when you first told me you were in trouble. You know well enough that I'll do anything in the world to help you, but a man can't walk very far in the dark."

"No, that's so; I know that, Harry."

"Well, if you know it, why don't you open up? What the—blest if you wouldn't try the patience of a saint, Tom! What on earth can the woman do if you brace up and send her about her business?"

Lloyd dropped into a chair and covered his face with his hands. "She can hang me, Harry—no more and no less."

Bently's impatience vanished at once. "You're sure you know what you are talking about?"

Lloyd nodded.

"Then that's a horse of another color. We've got to buy her off the best way we can, if that's the case."

Lloyd sprang to his feet and grasped Bently's hand. "Harry, you're the best friend a man ever had!" he exclaimed brokenly. "You don't even raise the question of my guilt!"

"What's the use of doing that? I suppose you had your reasons—or you thought you had; and any way, that doesn't cut any figure in the present row of stumps. The thing to do now is to get rid of her, quickly and peaceably. What do you suggest, and how can I manage to get between you and the trouble?"

"I can't think tonight, Harry. The thing has come so suddenly, and after all these years when I had hoped it was buried and forgotten!"

"Well, then, I'll think for you. You go home and sleep on it, and I'll do a little

quiet investigating on my own account. You can rest easy on one point—she isn't going to do anything until after she has had a shy at your bank account. You're safe enough until after that's been tried. By the way, if you don't mind telling me, how does it come that she's sailing around on your name?"

"It's merely a coincidence. She was the wife of the man—of a man whose name was the same as mine."

"Oh, that's all, is it? It isn't so very remarkable, either, when you come to think of it; the name's common enough. Well, you go home to Grace and the babies, and if you've got any sand use it liberally. Don't let them find out that you've had a facer. Good night."

A North Denver car was just passing, and Lloyd ran to overtake it. The short journey to the Highlands gave him time to appreciate the necessity for self restraint, and he met his wife with an outward show of cheerfulness which he would have thought unattainable half an hour before. She was standing at the door as he ran up the walk.

"Is that you, Tom?" she asked. "I'm so glad—I was afraid you'd been called out of town. We waited supper until the children got so sleepy they couldn't hold their eyes open, and then I gave them their bread and milk, and put them to bed. What kept you so long?"

"Bently came in, and we got to talking about old times," said Lloyd, glad enough to be able to tell the truth.

She led the way through the lighted hall to the dining room, and took her place opposite him to pour the tea. Lloyd had been very much in love with her ever since the day when he first saw her standing in the dripping tunnel of the Little Giant mine up in the Clear Creek district. She was an interrogative unit in a Raymond and Whitcomb excursion party, whose itinerary included a visit to the mine, and he was gathering the data for an expert report on the property.

He always remembered just how she had looked standing there in the wet tunnel, with her candle shaded with one hand so that its light illuminated her face. Saint Cecilia, he called her then, and he thought that fearless innocence had never appeared in sweeter guise than when she lingered behind the others to question him about the wonders of the mine. Five years of closer intimacy than usually falls to the lot of even the happily married had not dimmed the mental picture. Lloyd thought that maternity and the passing years had only

made the sweet face more winsome and attractive; and as she smiled at him across the table, he almost envied her the blameless life that lifted her above the fears and miseries of concealment and dissimulation.

He had been affectionately careful of her happiness, and he had found his reward in knowing that she idealized him as the type of all that was good and noble. If the knowledge brought with it a certain degree of exaltation, this was quickly tempered with humility when he remembered how far short of a good woman's ideal the best of men must fall.

"You look tired tonight, Tom," she said, as he passed his cup for a second helping of tea. "Have you been working hard?"

"Thinking a little harder than usual," he replied. "Did Jordan send a man to see about the water pipes?"

"Oh, yes; and you ought to have seen little Tom. He followed the man around and asked questions that even a plumber couldn't answer. I was telling Dr. Westmore about it this afternoon, and he says it's a hopeful indication—that if Tom grows up to be a plumber our future is assured."

Lloyd smiled. "The doctor can't quite get over the bill for the steam fitting in the church; he thought it was exorbitant."

"Oh, yes—that makes me think; he's coming over tonight to see you about having seats put in the Sunday school room. That's his ring, now," and she left the room to go and meet the visitor.

Lloyd followed her a few minutes later, and was presently deep in a discussion of ways and means with the good rector of St. Jude's-in-the-Wilderness.

Among other things, Lloyd was the senior warden of St. Jude's. When he had turned over his new leaf, he had done it very thoroughly and conscientiously, as one who would prove his intentions by deeds. To himself, he often admitted that there were very grave doubts as to the saving efficacy of either repentance or good works in his own case. It seemed to him altogether impossible and incredible that the Tom Lloyd of the mining camps could ever be sufficiently rehabilitated to be held blameless before the final court of inquiry. He said to himself that if all the lesser iniquities could be blotted out, there still remained the one for which repentance was inadequate because reparation was impossible.

None the less, he held himself to a rigid daily accountability for the sake of Grace and the children, regarding the endeavor as a sacred obligation not to be set aside or

influenced by such considerations as future rewards or punishments. As to his standing in St. Jude's, it had not been entirely of his own seeking; it had been only another stone in the arch of his wife's love and esteem, and he had lifted it to its place with the vague hope that the act might not be imputed to hypocrisy. The hope threatened to become doubt at times, and as he sat opposite the rector in the cozy parlor, listening to the good clergyman's plans for the upbuilding of St. Jude's, the undercurrent of his thoughts set irresistibly toward the grim memories evoked by the paragraph in the newspaper. More than once he caught himself trying to imagine what he should do if his accuser should suddenly walk in upon them.

As the minutes slipped by, this idea seemed to take complete possession of him, and he could scarcely control himself when a step on the veranda was followed by a sharp ring at the door bell. Grace answered the ring, and in the few moments of her absence Lloyd felt himself growing visibly haggard.

"It's a messenger boy with this," she said, reëntering the room with a letter, which she handed to her husband. "He says he's to wait for an answer."

The envelope bore the familiar advertisement of the Markham, and a single glance at the superscription told Lloyd what to expect. "Tell him there is no answer," he said quietly, putting the letter in his pocket.

"But how can you tell without reading it?" asked Grace, laughing.

"I know what it is, and I refuse to have business brought to the house. You may tell him I'll be at the office all day tomorrow."

After this incident the conversation about the contemplated changes in the parish house of St. Jude's became very vague and abstracted, so far as the senior warden was concerned. Lloyd listened to the unfolding of Dr. Westmore's plans, throwing in a word of approval and assent where it was needed; but the threatened danger with its unread reminder in his pocket seemed to be the only real thing in the universe, and he was relieved when at length the rector rose to go.

Lloyd went with him to the gate, and when his visitor had gone he opened the note and read it by the light of the street lamp. It was only a line scrawled with a pencil upon a sheet of the hotel letter paper.

"Dear sir," it ran, "I suppose you

though I were dead, but I ain't. I've got to see you alone. Say when and where." It was signed "Mrs. Pearl you know what," and Lloyd wondered, as he tore the paper into tiny fragments and tossed the bits into the street, why the woman had hesitated about the signature, after having published her name by registering it without disguise at the hotel.

With the reading of the note, and the confirmation of his fears, Lloyd passed from the extreme of hopeless despondency to the opposite and no less hopeless extreme of reckless indifference. When he reentered the house all traces of his recent abstraction had vanished, and Grace, in the foolish fondness of her heart, thought that the good doctor's visit had bored her husband. She put the thought into words, adding: "Did it, Tom?"

"Certainly not; you know I think the world of the rector." He crossed the room and opened the piano. "Sing something for me, Grace."

"What shall it be?" she asked, kneeling before the music rack.

"Oh, I don't care—anything; that is, anything but church music—I don't feel in the mood for that tonight."

She sang two or three ballads, while he stood beside her and turned the leaves of the music. It was quite like the old days when he had visited her in the quiet New England homestead; and the glad light of satisfied affection shone in her eyes when she paused to ask him if they should sing some of the duets they had learned over the reedy little piano at home.

When he assented, Grace thought she had never heard him sing so well before; and she never remembered having seen him more cheerful and light hearted. She spoke of it afterwards when they had gone out to walk arm in arm up and down the veranda.

"Why not?" he asked. "The wise man knew what he was about when he said, 'Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die.'"

"Why, Tom! That sounds almost ungrateful—and we have so much to be thankful for."

"I know it, Grace, and I am thankful. I've had much more than my deservings, and if I should have to drop out tomorrow I should go with the thought that nothing could rob me of what I have already had."

There was a hard ring in his voice that Grace had never heard before, and the cynical bitterness in the sentiment jarred upon her a little.

"What makes you say that, Tom? It doesn't sound like you."

"Not like the Tom Lloyd you know, perhaps; but did you ever stop to consider that the wife knows only one side of a man? And there may be a very great difference between the side she knows and the other. Now I don't suppose that you could by any possible effort think of me as being a thief——"

"Of course I couldn't!"

"Or a gambler——"

"Why, Tom!"

"Or, let us say, a—a murderer."

"Please don't suggest such dreadful things," she pleaded. "You know I could never think of you in any of these impossible ways."

"But they are not impossible," insisted Lloyd, yielding for the moment to the promptings of the perversity which seeks to lure its victim to the very verge of the precipice he is so anxious to avoid. "I might be all these without you, or any one whom you know, being the wiser. There are plenty of cases on record to prove it."

She drew closer to his side while they paced up and down in silence. Then she said softly: "Nothing could prove it to me, Tom. I know you, and I wouldn't believe the evidence of my own eyes against your lightest word. Don't you know that?"

Lloyd shivered as he thought of what the morrow might compel her to believe, and the fit of reckless gaiety disappeared as suddenly as it had come. "It's getting chilly out here," he said; "let's go in and lock up."

Lloyd reached his office at an unusually early hour the following morning. He knew that his reply to the messenger would be taken as an answer to the note, and he wanted time to set his affairs in order before the coming of an interview which might make this and all other preparation impossible. There was more to do than he had anticipated, and it was half past ten when he had finished the letter of instructions giving Bently the authority to take charge of his papers. While he was addressing the envelope Bently came in.

"I just ran down to report progress," he said, dropping into a chair and feeling in his pockets. "Got a cigar?—thanks. Well, I went up to the hotel last night and had a squint at her ladyship—give me a match, will you?—she's there, all right, in proper person. She sent you a note in the course of the evening, but as there was nothing alarming in it, I thought there was no need of adding anything to it."

"You saw the note, then?"

"Oh, yes; the messenger boy was an obliging lad, and I fancy he knew there was nothing personal in it. What answer did you send?"

"None, except to tell the messenger that I'd be here all day today."

"Good. After I had interviewed the boy I talked shop a while with the hotel clerk. He says she came in yesterday morning from the East, and that she's been sending down to the office every half hour, since, to ask if Mr. Disburn has put in an appearance. You know Disburn; perhaps you can help me to guess how he happens to be mixed up in it."

Lloyd knew the man only as a miner who had "struck it rich," and who was endeavoring after a clumsy fashion to acquire the habits of profligacy which would enable him to spend his income.

"Yes, I know of him," he replied; "but I can't imagine what he can have to do with the affair. He's only been in Colorado three or four years."

"That's so, too. Well, she's mighty anxious to see him, any way, and if she's got him in tow, I should think your little bank account wouldn't be worth asking for. By the way, are you sure she wants money?"

"I'm not sure of anything, Bently. It's quite as likely to be vengeance as anything else, and in that case I know her well enough to expect no mercy. In any event, I have made up my mind to tell her to do her worst. She cannot have a penny of what I've earned and saved for Grace and the children."

"That's the talk!" exclaimed Bently, jumping up and walking excitedly up and down the office. "That's just what you ought to have done at the first. If a one horse lawyer can do you any good, you know right where to find him every day in the week!"

Lloyd smiled in spite of his forebodings. "I know I can always depend upon you, Harry, and here is a proof that I do. I've been getting my business affairs into shape, and you'll find a letter of instructions in this envelope, telling you what to do in case anything happens to me."

"Are you sure it's as bad as that, Tom? Isn't there a chance that you're making a mountain out of a mole hill? Why won't you turn the whole business over to me, and let me fight it out for you?"

"It's rather late to do that now; but I'll promise you shall have an opportunity to do what there is to be done. It is only fair to tell you, though, that there isn't a ghost of a chance for me. It's just as I told you

last night; if this woman chooses to speak, she can hang me."

Bently was sobered again immediately, and he stopped in front of Lloyd. "Tom, if it's that bad, why don't you just lock that door and run for it?"

Lloyd shook his head. "You don't understand, Harry. I'm not afraid of anything but the disgrace, and I can't run away from that. I'm not sure that I'd care to live after the thing comes out."

"Well," rejoined Bently, with his hand on the latch of the door, "I suppose it's your own funeral, and you will do as you please about it. Send up to the office if you want me."

When he was gone, Lloyd lighted a cigar and leaned back in his chair to wait. He tried to think of business, and went over the details again in his mind to see if he had taken every precaution necessary. There seemed to be nothing forgotten, and his thoughts wandered to other things.

What would become of Grace and the children? Would she take them back to the old home in New England, and would she try to have them grow up in ignorance of their father's ignominy? It would be best so, and he would suggest it when the time came; the law's delay would give sufficient opportunity for this and for all the other things he would wish to say to her. He knew well enough she would never leave Colorado while he was alive, though he could not help thinking that it would be better for her to be spared the miseries of waiting and sharing with him the bitterness of the interval.

Dwelling upon this phase of the wretched affair, his resolution to defy his accuser began to weaken. In justice to his wife and children, would it not be wiser to temporize, even though by so doing he could only hope to postpone the evil day? But then, if it were vengeance and not money—Bently's suggestion came again with overpowering emphasis. Who would question it if he saw fit to take his wife and children on a hurried journey? Or if the hue and cry were raised, what difference could it make so long as he was safe and with those whom God had given him?

The details suggested themselves of their own accord. A west bound train would leave at one o'clock. There was time enough for hasty preparation. The better part of his savings was either in ready money or in paper that could be immediately discounted at any bank. Since his business frequently called him away at short notice, Grace would not question the

hurried departure, and there would be plenty of time afterwards for such explanation as he might think it best to make.

The argument was dangerously subtle, and in self defense Lloyd took a half finished report on the Bald Eagle mine out of its pigeonhole and plunged into its mathematical intricacies. The effect of the mental bath was good. Hour after hour he pored over the columns of figures in his notebook, transferring the concrete results to the pages of the report; and when the work was finally completed, he was surprised to find that it was three o'clock, and that he had quite forgotten to go out to luncheon at the usual hour.

When the report was finished, there was nothing else to do; and the tide of perplexing thoughts surged back upon him like a pack of ravening wolves. For a few moments he tried to beat them off, fighting with all his strength for self possession and patience. When he saw that the effort was useless, he shut his desk and left the office. Five minutes later he was handing his card to the clerk at the Markham.

"Send that up to Mrs. Pearl Lloyd," he said, and then he walked the tiled floor of the rotunda until the boy came back with the empty salver.

"The lady says for you to come up to the parlor."

Lloyd turned upon his heel, and ran rapidly up the broad flight of steps. The parlor was empty, and he went to a window and stood looking down into the busy street. Would she never come? Or was this delay only another barb to the arrow of her vengeance?

Just then a truck horse slipped on the pavement and fell, and Lloyd watched the curious crowd gather around the prostrate animal. Every one had a suggestion to offer, and each new expedient seemed more cruel and brutal than the last.

"That's the way of the world," mused Lloyd. "When you're down you must be beaten and kicked and tortured till you get up again or die. Why hasn't some fool in all that crowd got sense enough to cut the harness and give the poor beast a chance to get on his feet?"

"You wouldn't expect anybody in a crowd to know anything, would you?"

She had entered the room so quietly that Lloyd had no warning of her presence until she spoke. He felt the blood leaving his face as he turned to meet her.

"I didn't know you had come," he said. "I must have been thinking aloud."

"No, you were taking to yourself, same

as you used to," she said with the sardonic smile that he remembered so well.

She was standing by the closed piano, and Lloyd thought that the passing years had touched her lightly. She was a handsome woman of the blonde type, and in all her checkered career she had never lost sight of the fact that her power would disappear with her beauty. Lloyd noticed that she was well dressed, and he thought he detected a shade of embarrassment in her manner, which struck him as being a little singular.

"I suppose we might as well sit down," she said, dropping upon the piano stool. "How've you been all these years?"

"I don't know how that concerns you," he replied, resenting the approach to familiarity. "You said you wanted to see me; I am here—what have you to say?"

"They tell me you've steadied down since I saw you; that you've joined the church and turned good; that you've got a wife and children—"

Lloyd had steeled himself to bear taunts and gibes, but the mention of Grace and the children seemed an unnecessary refinement of cruelty.

"I told you these things didn't concern you," he said angrily. "Say what you've got to say, and have done with it!"

"I suppose I ought to have gone ahead without trying to see you," she said, ignoring his resentment and picking nervously at the fringe of the piano cover, "but I just didn't dare to trust to luck. I thought maybe after all these years you'd be willing to overlook what I did that time when I was hard up."

"What do you mean? I don't understand you."

"I mean about the money I made you give me for keeping still. When I heard that Jim Bradley was dying, I went to him and found out that he had confessed to the priest; told him all about the whole business—how you and John Lloyd quarreled over the cards, and how he shot John just as your pistol went off."

For an interminable second Lloyd thought he would suffocate, and then the blood rushed from heart to brain until he had to turn to the window and catch at the sash to keep from falling. She appeared not to notice his agitation, and went on without looking up.

"Of course, after that, I had to leave the country. I knew you'd be mad enough to kill me when you heard about it. I didn't mean to come back, but Mr. Disburn—"

She hesitated, but by this time Lloyd had

regained enough presence of mind to help her.

"What about Disburn?"

"Why, he says he won't live anywhere but in Denver, and I was afraid after we were married you might get square with me by telling him."

"Was that what you wanted to see me about?" asked Lloyd, forcing himself to speak calmly.

"That was it."

"Then you may set your mind at rest upon that point—I shall say nothing to him. Now answer me one question; how do you know it was Bradley's bullet and not mine that killed your husband?"

"I ought to know," she replied, with a trace of the evil smile. "I took the cartridges out of your pistol, and loaded it with blanks. John was always a little bit scared of you."

Lloyd turned to the window, and looked out into the street until he could trust himself to speak again. Then he said: "Let us understand each other now, once for all. You have nothing to fear from me, either now or henceforth, so long as you keep on your own side of the fence. From this day I shall try to forget that I have ever known you, and if you are as shrewd as I take you to be, you will do nothing to remind me of that fact. I don't think it's necessary to say any more. Good afternoon."

When he reached the street he felt as if he were walking on air. He meant to go straight home, and his hand was already

raised to stop the passing car when the demon of business, in the person of the prospective purchaser of the Bald Eagle, seized upon him and bore him back to his office, whence he was not suffered to escape until long past his usual hour.

When he was once more free, and had boarded the North Denver car, his impatience outran the rapid transit electrical machine until the latter seemed to creep by comparison. The journey found its end at last, however, and Grace opened the door for him as he ran up the steps.

"Late again!" she said in playful reproach. "The poor babies were heart broken because they had to go to bed without seeing you."

"It's a shame," he admitted, taking her face between his hands. "We won't let it happen any more—any way, not till the next time. You may go and pour the tea while I run up stairs and kiss the little ones."

He was gone so long that she crept silently up after him. She found him kneeling beside little Tom's crib, with his head on the pillow, and the child's chubby arms clasped about his neck. When he heard her step he freed himself gently, and rose; and as they left the room together she said softly: "You love the children, don't you, Tom?"

He seemed to find speech difficult, and they had reached the lower hall before he answered her. "I never knew how much until today."

THE FLEET RETURNS TONIGHT.

THE fleet returns from the Shoals tonight;
All the village folk are out;
Upon the beach is many a light,
And many a friend about,
And many a group of children bright
Make the wild echoes shout;

And on the beach are aged men,
And aged women, too,
And hand is clasped in withered hand,
While hearts beat warm and true,
And friends who have lost sight of friends
Their ancient ties renew.

Frank H. Sweet.

LITERARY CHAT

A REVIVAL OF GEORGE SAND.

IN France there has been during the past three years a revival of the works of George Sand. After lying dust laden in libraries for a generation, giving place to the Maupassants, the Daudets, and the Zolas, a new turn of popular taste has forced them into new editions, with the charm of modern binding, text, and illustration.

There are dozens of this author's stories, so old that they are new again, that might be dressed in these fresh prints, but most of them will have lost their flavor. They are meaningless to the readers of the modern school of fiction.

What are the stale audacities of a woman who pattered about the garden of a country house in a man's coat, to the Paris that sees hundreds of respectable, commonplace women flashing by in knickerbockers, balancing themselves astride a flashing wheel?

George Sand comes back to us today stripped of all the trifling impediments to her fame. It is not her faults, her protests against orders then existing, which we regard seriously, but her power as a poet of nature. She is a poet of the very highest order—one who appeals to the most cultured taste.

Her communion with nature was so close and deep that she saw the joy and the beauty of the passing by of the forces of the great world.

In that clever anonymous book, "The Breadwinners," which is finally supposed to have been written by Colonel John Hay, the educated, aspiring daughter of the carpenter is made to seek a sensation by hunting up a volume of George Sand, having heard of her "wickedness." She throws the book aside as stupid—"all about a lot of peasants, as poor as crows." These peasants are as real today as they were fifty years ago, and as full of charm to the mind capable of understanding them.

WILLIAM SHARP.

WILLIAM SHARP has shown himself to be one who knows his own time, however little, as yet, his own time may know him. In a book of poems published six years ago he wrote this preface:

"That there is a romantic revival imminent in our poetic literature, a true awakening of the genuinely romantic sentiment, is my

earnest conviction. Many things point to this freshly stirring stream of tendency. Among our younger artists there is a quickening of life, of emotion, of passion, such as has not animated English art since the days of the endeavor of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

"In pure fiction, the era of romance as opposed to pseudo realism is about to begin, if the tide be not already well on the flow. In the ebb and flux of literary sentiment, the story of adventure must always have a steadfast place; for the world is always youthful to the young, and the young love adventure and romance even when the chill of a reactionary period has touched them with its blight."

We have seen this day of romance come in, but we have not, we believe, come to a point where Mr. Sharp's original shudders fit the popular mind. We have seen the advance sheets of a collection of short stories by him, soon to be published. They are fantastically horrible. One, "The Birth of a Soul," is full of a realism that is only saved from indecency, as a hideous nude figure is saved from indecency, by its very repulsiveness. It is decked with rags of moralizing which are not original at all, being the same old story of heredity, of sin begetting sin. This seems to be the worst sort of materialism. There is a pessimism which leaves out the fresh element of growth that is born with every human life. There is a lack of sanity, of health, which revolts and disgusts. Mr. Sharp has a marvelous use of words, but he has in his tales the element of decay. No truly great mind ever sees the world as he sees it. His point of view is unhealthy, is demoralizing, and what is worst of all, entirely disgusting.

MAURUS JOKAI'S NOVELS.

THE regular novel reader is too apt to take his fiction by the yard. He imports it from England and France, or takes the standard, home made article, as it is handed out by the book sellers and critics.

Our continental literature comes to us usually by way of France, having been first translated into French, and then, in most cases, cheaply turned into something that passes for English. That there were great novelists in Russia we never knew until Turgenev became a Parisian and introduced Russian literature to France. We have now translations of two novels by Maurus Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, which are artistic reproductions in English

of the works of a master, whom not to know is to lose much of the best in the world's fiction.

"Eyes Like the Sea" is the most brilliant novel of this famous man, and has been called the best Hungarian novel by the Hungarian Academy. It is intensely dramatic and interesting, and unlike anything we know in the literature of other countries. The story is chiefly autobiographical, giving much of the author's own early history. The heroine, *Bessy*, is a weird character—a woman who marries five men, killing the last one.

Jokai tells of how the story came to be written:

"I was on a visit of inspection among our large national prisons. In one of them we entered the day room, where the prisoners were at work. They all sat in a long room and were sewing. Those who could do the finer sort of work were at little tables of their own.

"I stopped before one of such tables; a woman was sewing some sort of child's garment. It is the rule that when a visitor stops before the table of one of the felons she shall immediately rise from her seat and, whether asked or unasked, say what her crime is and how long her term of imprisonment. She arose when I stood before the table. Her hair was as white as autumn gossamers, but her eyes still flashed with their old varying fire; they were still, as of old, the flaming eyes like the sea. In a dull monotone she told me her crime and her sentence: 'I killed my husband. I am condemned to imprisonment for life. For life, and life so long!'

"Can I use my interest in your favor?"

"I thank you, but it is well with me here. I wish for nothing more in this world."

"And with that she returned to her place and went on with her work. Last year I received a letter announcing her death. It was her last wish that I, but nobody else, should be informed of it."

THE OLDEST NOVEL.

WE used to have an idea that a picture was painted to tell us something, to touch the higher emotions, and that a book was written to give a picture of life, and in doing so to teach a moral lesson. Nowadays we hear the story telling picture sneered at as "literary," and the purpose novel cried down as "inartistic." Morals are inartistic. The world of fancy, of emotion, must be "unmoral," unconscious of laws.

It might be a question worth discussing

whether or not the "unmoral" literature and art contain any element of life, any reason for living, without which they will surely die.

The very first novel ever written is in the British Museum, and was translated by Miss Edwards, the Egyptologist. It is very interesting in that it contains, as the translator tells us, "the elemental stuff of which all the romantic literature of after ages was compounded—love, treason, jealousy, vice, virtue, murder, remorse."

This first novelist evidently believed that in the proper and artistic tale vice was punished and virtue rewarded, and that the narrative of that process awakened the proper emotions. It is a story of two brothers, and was written on nineteen sheets of papyrus, three thousand years ago, by a scribe named Ennana. Whether or not it was original with him, nobody knows. It bears on the back the autograph of Seti II, king of Egypt, who may have been the author or the owner.

We seem to see traces of old friends in the story, and it was probably one that has been carried to every country. The two brothers loved each other, and worked together until the elder brother's wife falls in love with the younger, and tells him so. He is virtuously horrified. The repulsed wife goes to her husband and maligns *Betan*, the man she loves, and sends her husband out to kill his brother. *Betan*, being virtuous, is saved by a miracle, and the brothers come to an understanding which ends in the death of the faithless wife.

Then *Betan* exiles himself, and goes through many surprising adventures. The gods send him a wife, who seems to have been no stronger than the first created woman, for she leaves her husband for the king, only to meet death at the hands of her wronged consort.

The first novel was evidently not written for the perusal of the Young Person.

THE CZAR AS AN AUTHOR.

THE Czar of Russia has joined the ranks of literary monarchs and has written a book. It is called "Sebastopol," and from the advance sheets it seems likely to be more entertaining than Queen Victoria's diaries, or even Carmen Sylva's poetry. Much of it is made up of details of the Crimean war, which were given by other people to the Czar, but are told in an easy, simple way that makes the story very entertaining and genuine in sound.

The Czar seems to have the literary qual-

ity, which after all consists in telling what somebody else knows about his own speciality. The writer's task is not the discovery of knowledge, but the preservation of it. The sister of charity who told the Czar of the scenes in the hospital after Sebastopol hardly gave her narrative such a concise and vivid form as that in which the royal author has told it.

A HEREDITARY TASTE.

THERE is one thing that ought to call back Schopenhauer, the pessimist, from the grave, for its discussion. Why do diverted religions, the fantastic sprouts from the main branch of orthodoxy, seem to foster unclean ideas? A man may have any religion—Christian, Mohammedan, Buddhist—or he may be an infidel or an agnostic, and be pure of thought and expression; but let him start into a petty new sect, and it seems almost impossible for him, if he has any faculty of expression, to keep away from a discussion of unhealthy topics.

Tolstoi found orthodoxy too lax for him. He must follow the lowly, pure minded Teacher of mankind more closely than was laid down by the law of the church. He gave away his clean garments, and wrote "The Kreutzer Sonata."

His son has followed him with a book in which he narrates the experiences of a doctor's love affairs. Compared to it, the "Kreutzer Sonata" is chaste and beautiful. It would seem to be the last word in the hysterical literature of the past few months. It professes to describe a new disease, from which all mankind is suffering. It will perhaps find its audience among the emancipated English ladies who have been treating us to studies in neurosis. It is exactly in their line of discussion.

Jean Jacques Rousseau could have imbibed information from the son of Tolstoi, who has retired from the world to the simple heart of nature, that he and his children might be pure of mind.

We can only judge of the future by what lies behind. Judging the present tendency in literature by the past, it would seem to presage social upheavals, earthquakes. The atmosphere is becoming so thick that it needs clearing.

THE YATES-THACKERAY INCIDENT.

Few accounts of Thackeray omit reference to his enmity against Edmund Yates. The story is supposed to be so well known that it is seldom told nowadays.

The facts are these: Yates was a bumptious young journalist who had been writ-

ing the "Lounger" column in the *Illustrated Times*. At a dinner one night he met Maxwell, the husband of Miss Bradon. Maxwell at once offered Yates the editorship of a new paper, *Town Talk*, and one of his first contributions was a paper on "Thackeray—His Appearance, Career, Success." In that article Yates accused Thackeray of pretending to be good natured when he was cynical, of being self conscious, and above all, of being a snob.

Thackeray wrote Yates a letter which took him to task as though he had been a child. Yates asked for nothing better. He replied in an epistle which was as full of audacity as he could make it, and any one who knew him can appreciate how much that might be. Thereupon Thackeray sent the whole correspondence to the Garrick Club, to which both men belonged, and it resulted in Yates being expelled.

The affair caused a breach between Thackeray and Dickens, which was never bridged. Nor did it end here. The author of "Vanity Fair," with a sensitiveness and lack of dignity which we do not like to allow him, alluded to Yates slightly, and was paid back with all the spite at the younger man's command. For years Thackeray was the butt of Yates' wit, which found such expressions as his parody of the great novelist's "Song of Bouillabaisse":

"I show the vices which besmire you,
The slime with which you are covered o'er;
Strip off each rag from female virtue,
And drag to light each festering sore.

"All men alive are rogues and villains,
All women drabs, all children cursed;
I tell them this, and draw their shillin's—
They highest pay when treated worst.

"I sneer at every human feeling,
Which truth suggests, or good men praise;
Then, tongue within my cheek concealing,
Write myself 'Cynic'—for it pays."

A FRENCH POET.

LECONTE DE LISLE, who died not long ago, was a poet for poets. When he died, after being a member of the French Academy since 1886, his name was almost unknown to the people of France; but its geniuses worshiped him. He translated Homer and Horace into French, but his best known books were anonymous. His great works can never be popular, any more than a classic Greek statue can be popular.

He was a candidate for election to the French Academy for thirteen years. At

first only two men voted for him—Barbier and Victor Hugo. Barbier died, and then election after election one vote—Hugo's—was cast for de Lisle. In 1886 Hugo died, and Leconte de Lisle was unanimously elected by the Academy to take his seat.

MR. JEROME'S NEW BOOK.

THAT witty American, Tom Corwin of Ohio, always thought that he would have been President of the republic if he never had been funny. He bitterly denied having said the funniest things that were attributed to him, and his first advice to all young men was never to make anybody laugh.

Mark Twain tried to write a serious book in "The Prince and the Pauper," but it was hard to get the public to think so, and now Jerome K. Jerome is telling how one of his friends accosted him after reading his story of the lady who had been crushed to death by a python, and said, "Charming little story of yours about the woman and the snake, but it's not so funny as some of your other things."

To his new book, "In Memory of John Ingerfield and his Wife Anne," Mr. Jerome has written a preface to say that it is not humorous.

"REALISTS" AND "VERITISTS."

THE "realists" make their mistake in writing down to the average instead of up to the possible. They forget that genius is as real as idiocy, and much more elevating to contemplate. Indeed, they are not realists at all, notwithstanding their self given name, because they neglect to bring out what are really the salient points of life, the molding influences.

It is never the commonplace that creates, that has power and influence. The "realist" is the man who only shows you the background of the picture, leaving out the figures, or showing but a fragment. "Oh," he says when you complain, "there is more of this than there is of the figures. This is the average of the canvas."

A realist could never have conceived that a boy of sixteen, a New England country boy, with absolutely no experience of life, and a contemplation of death which came from a constant view of a mossy old graveyard across the road, could write a poem like "Thanatopsis." Yet Bryant was only sixteen in 1811, when it was written. The poem was not published until 1817.

A recent critic of romantic literature says that the "veritist" never seeks a subject asking "Will this create an effect?" or "Could this happen?" but "Would this

happen?" In the novels of the "veritist," he says, the will is never found; the hero never returns at the right time; the son or husband who went to the war stays dead. May we respectfully ask what entertainment or good to anybody is to be derived from this multiplying of the uninteresting?

When a scientist publishes a magazine, he does not ignore the Edisons, the Siemenses, and the Ericssons, saying "Why should I speak of them? They are abnormal. The average man has none of their gifts. I will tell of home made hat racks and window boxes. The average man makes those things."

The great men and the great ideas and achievements are as real as the petty. The story of one exalts, and the story of the other degrades.

CONAN DOYLE HERE.

WE have Dr. Conan Doyle with us, and it is delightful to hear him criticise Mr. Howells' denial of art in romance writing.

"We talk so much about art," Dr. Doyle says, "that we forget what this art was ever invented for. It was to amuse mankind, to help the dull and the sick and the weary. The object of fiction is to interest, and the best fiction is that which interests most. If you can interest by drawing life as it is, do so. But there is no reason why you should object to your neighbor using other means."

Certainly Dr. Doyle has himself used "other means." *Sherlock Holmes*, the detective, who, in the language of the poker player, "could draw to a shoe string, and get a tanyard," who could reason a good story out of the most insignificant clue, will be likely to remain Dr. Doyle's most famous creation.

Of American authors, Dr. Doyle admires Miss Wilkins very much. He says that "Pembroke" has had much vogue in England. He finds here a tendency to accentuate sectional peculiarities, and thinks that our "dialect writers" have lost sight of the fact that such delineators of local color as Barrie and Hardy have made their successes by showing universal human nature through superficial differences.

It is not criticisms that we ask of Doyle, but a marshaling of more of the inhabitants of his creative brain. We want to see him call up such dead men as *Du L'hul*, and such dead women as *Madame de Maintenon*, and give them life and being, with living and interesting people for foils. An original genius is at a poor business when he picks flaws, or suggests mending of other men's work.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

THE ALIEN TIDE.

"STUDY These Figures and Draw Your Own Conclusions" is the heading of a document sent out by a society recently formed in Boston. The new body is called the Immigration Restriction League, and the figures it offers for study deal with a burning political and social question that has been touched upon more than once in this department.

Boston has some little reputation as a home of ideas, as a birthplace of new movements. It was in the Hub that the old Native American issue of the forties first arose. In a speech delivered beneath the historic roof of Faneuil Hall, Daniel Webster remarked—and remarked with characteristic force—that Clay, his party's candidate for the Presidency, had been defeated by the foreign born voters of New York City. From that spark flashed an outburst of feeling that overthrew the existing regime in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and which was felt in Congress and in national politics.

The still more remarkable and extensive movement that swept over the country ten years later, and which has gone into history under its nickname of "Know Nothingism," also had its inception in the local politics of Boston, where its first victory was won in the election of a physician, Dr. Smith, to the mayoralty. From the New England city it passed upon its wonderful career of short lived triumph, speeding like the proverbial wildfire over the North and West, and even shaking the solid South; only to be swallowed and lost, after a couple of eventful years, in the bitter issues that made the campaign of 1856 a struggle of sections, and that were soon to flame out into civil war.

We mention these earlier movements rather as interesting historical reminiscences than as parallels to the campaign of education which the Immigration Restriction League has undertaken. The founders of the society in question do not seek to found a party, or to take partisan action in politics. The Native Americans and the Know Nothings moved, as organizations, upon narrow lines. They ruined their own cause by appealing to ignorant prejudice and religious intolerance. The new society is entirely different in its purposes, constitution,

and methods. Its sole aim is to arouse public opinion upon a great question.

In its circulars, it furnishes a few significant facts, and lets the intelligent reader do the rest. Here are one or two sample nuggets:

Twenty five years ago the immigration from Hungary, Poland, Russia, and Italy was less than one per cent of the total immigration. In 1892 it was forty five per cent—nearly half.

In 1880, of the insane persons in the country, 28 per cent were foreign born. In 1890, 33 per cent were foreign born. Immigrants, therefore, who form less than 15 per cent of the total population, furnish an utterly disproportionate and rapidly increasing share of the insane.

In 1880, of the white paupers in the country, 37 per cent were foreign born. In 1890, 41 per cent were foreign born. Immigrants, therefore, who form 17 per cent of the white population, furnish an utterly disproportionate and rapidly increasing share of the white paupers.

These, of course, are comparatively small points; but they are significant as throwing light upon the prevailing character of recent immigration, and as forcing forward for settlement the question whether we can continue to admit without effective restrictions the swarming refugees of the least enlightened races of Europe.

We say no, emphatically no.

THE PUBLISHING CENTER.

THE Boston *Herald*—a newspaper that usually speaks with authority—remarked the other day that "announcements and publications of new books are plentiful in New York, while Boston has thus far been behind in this branch of business."

The *Herald* might do well to recognize that this is not a phenomenon confined to the present year. New York's supremacy as a publishing center is becoming more and more complete. Boston's literary output, it must be admitted, is of a high order of excellence—though not higher than that of New York; but in volume it no longer compares with that of the metropolis. Speaking broadly, a Boston imprint is growing almost a rarity, while New York books are spread like leaves in Vallombrosa from Passamaquoddy Bay to Puget Sound.

It is quite in accord with the experience of other nations that a country's chief city should be the focus of its literary energies. It implies no slur upon the brains or hands of Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia, that New York should occupy such a position. The nation seems to prefer to look toward its metropolis for its mental pabulum. Take for evidence of this the remarkable fact that every one of the leading American magazines is published in New York, and that it has hitherto been found impossible to establish a first rate monthly periodical in any other city.

HAVE WE TOO MANY CLERGYMEN?

"I CONFIDENTLY assert that we can spare fifty thousand of our ninety nine thousand clergymen," Dr. Charles A. Briggs is reported as having said at a recent religious meeting. Such an utterance may at first thought sound surprising, if not revolutionary, coming from one who must still be accounted a leader in Presbyterianism, though a majority of his communion disavow his leadership. Yet on consideration it must be admitted that the speaker's rather radical proposition truly embodies a phase of the existing conditions of the churches.

In many ways, concentration is the religious tendency of the day. One of the forms in which it finds expression is the prevalent feeling that one strong church is more to be desired than several weak ones. There have been some notable instances, of late, of the unification of two or more small congregations into a single large one; and the same step is likely to be taken in many other cases. As Dr. Briggs stated, in the speech already quoted, "the average number of communicants to each Protestant clergyman is only 142," and it is evident that a man of first rate ability and energy can minister to a much larger flock.

It follows that the demand of the hour is for ministers whose qualifications are of the highest order, for men fitted to lead congregations large in numbers and capable of intelligent criticism. The requirements are exacting, and there are comparatively few who successfully meet them. The pulpit of one of the leading Presbyterian churches of New York has been empty for more than a year because no suitable occupant can be found for it. From a worldly point of view—a consideration that even a clergyman cannot ignore—such a post is a highly desirable one. Besides the social and intellectual standing it would confer, it would bring a monetary reward comparable to that earned by the leaders of other profes-

sions. Yet the vacancy is far more difficult to fill than would be the case with a corresponding opening in law, medicine, or journalism.

The old proverb that "there is always room at the top" is well exemplified in the American ministry at the present time. The lower ranks of the calling are amply filled—even too amply filled, as Dr. Briggs thinks; but we have not enough of the true spiritual leaders—men who are in sympathy with the needs of the time, men who are thinkers, preachers, and workers.

THE LADY AND THE CIGARETTE.

WOMEN smokers are a good deal in evidence, just now—in print, at any rate, if not in actual life. Fortunately, they are more often heard of than seen; and we suspect that in not a few cases they are simply creatures of the luxuriant imagination of some newspaper litterateur. It is noteworthy that American journals locate their "tallest" stories of feminine cigarette smokers in England, while English papers draw upon America for similarly startling descriptions of nicotian orgies.

The question "Should woman smoke?" has long been debated in a mildly theoretical way; and we never heard of any argument on the affirmative side except the pitifully weak one that man smokes. It is scarcely necessary to crush this plea by replying that woman isn't man, and that if she were, it is by no means clear that the self styled lord of creation knows and does what is best, even for himself.

Indeed, the fact that the puffing of tobacco is a masculine habit is one of the reasons why it should not become a feminine habit. It is true that our grandmothers thought it no sin to take an occasional pinch of snuff; but that time honored custom has lapsed into desuetude without a single mourner. It was one of the very few unlovely things of which our grandmothers were guilty, and society did well in finally and firmly putting a ban upon it. But today, we are told, one of the cherished tokens of the New Woman's emancipation is her cigarette. Prejudiced legislators won't let her vote, but she studies Greek, makes public speeches, rides bicycles, and "blows rings." Perhaps she also drinks cocktails and swears at her groom.

At any rate, such is the newspaper picture of the *fin de siècle* girl in her latest expression. That it is a true portrait we decline to admit. If it were, we should invite the original to stop and contemplate herself with the severest disapproval.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

IN A NUTSHELL.

The fact is that there is scarcely a family anywhere to which money means so much that it cannot well afford to exchange ten cents a month for the art, and the refinement, and the information, and the pleasure that a copy of MUNSEY'S will bring to the fireside.

300,000 STRONG.

WE have got there—300,000 strong. These are the figures that we have reached this month. They are great big figures—greater by more than 100,000 than those of any other magazine in the world. And this is the work of but a single year.

A record like this means something. It means that in MUNSEY'S the people like the magazine they want—a magazine built on the lines of human interest—and that its price is right. The day has gone by for old war prices.

THE PACE THAT TELLS.

MUNSEY'S is surging forward at a terrific pace. Each month now sends it more than 25,000 ahead. There have been publications before that on a spurt have reached this speed, but never in the history of the world has there been a magazine that has struck such a gait and kept it up for an entire year. Our average monthly gain for the year beginning October, 1893, and ending September, 1894, was 21,250 copies. And now that we have entered on the second year the pace is getting hotter, decidedly hotter.

A MIGHTY, SIGNIFICANT FACT.

OVER half of the entire edition of MUNSEY'S today goes into the homes of New England. This is a mighty, significant fact considered in connection with the population of New England as compared with that of the rest of the country. The census of 1890 gives New England 4,700,745, as against 57,931,505 for the remainder of the United States, to say nothing of the population of Canada, now about 5,000,000. Our sale this month in New

England will be not less than 150,000. The same proportion of sale for the rest of the country and Canada would give MUNSEY'S a magnificent total of 2,100,000.

And the end is not yet. A still more remarkable fact in connection with the sale of MUNSEY'S is that in New England, where we are selling most, we are gaining fastest; in New England, where the average intelligence of the people is highest, MUNSEY'S is a household companion.

MAGAZINE MAKING.

FICTION has its brokers today, just as stocks, and bonds, and cotton, and cattle, and real estate have their brokers. Manuscripts often pass through the hands of several brokers after leaving the authors, and before reaching the publishers. This is perhaps true to a greater extent of European manuscripts than of American. Yet we have our brokers as well as our cousins across the water, and they deal in the domestic product as well as the foreign.

One of these brokers came into our office recently to offer us a story—a short story of say three to four thousand words, by an author who has made a spasmodic reputation, having written one book which through accident or otherwise became the rage.

"All right," we said, "send in the manuscript; we shall be glad to read it."

"Oh, but I can't do that," was the reply.

"The story has not yet left Europe."

"Very well, send it in when it comes."

"Then I understand you buy it?" returned the broker, his face lighting up.

"Buy it?" we exclaimed. "Buy a manuscript we have never seen?"

"Certainly, why not? There is the author's name. The *World* would buy it quick at three hundred dollars, and would cover the Elevated Roads and cover the town advertising it."

"The *World* is your customer, then—not MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE," we replied.

"What is the use of taking that position?" persisted the broker. "Why, what more do you want than the name?"

"We want good work—brilliant work."

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Do not subscribe to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE through agents unknown to you personally. If you do you may find that you have been victimized. Every few days we receive complaints from people in various parts of the country who have subscribed to MUNSEY'S through some swindler. The subscription, of course, never reaches this office.

"But the name has the following. This story by the author of so and so"—naming her successful book—"might sell ten thousand additional magazines for you."

"Yes," we replied, "and it might cause ten thousand expressions of disgust at a stupid story."

"But you will have sold your magazines, all the same."

"Yes, we should have sold them this time—sold them at a tremendous sacrifice of reputation."

"Isn't that an exaggeration?" the broker objected.

"Not a whit. It takes ten good stories to overcome the effect of one bad one."

"How is it that other publishers buy manuscripts without reading them?"

"We have no knowledge to the effect that they do."

"Well, they do."

"Then they make a mistake."

"Perhaps so; but let me say that if you ever want big names, you will have to do as other publishers do."

"Then we shall certainly content ourselves without them."

The foregoing illustrates what seems to us to be a false theory of editing—but a theory, nevertheless, very much in vogue today. It has with many become almost solely a question of names; and these names have ranged all the way from those of John L. Sullivan and Sandow, the strong, to that of William Ewart Gladstone.

It seems to us that the true theory of editing is to publish something that people will read with interest. The fact that a man has a big name as a pugilist, or that he can lift an immense weight, does not suggest that by reason of this he is equipped to do literary work. Neither does it follow that the novelist who has written one interesting book—or a dozen, as to that matter—is always sure to produce brilliant fiction. History shows to the contrary. Indeed, a vast amount of rubbish is worked off on the unsuspecting public by writers whose reputations stand high in their profession. Our theory of editing is to accept nothing but work of real excellence, and the only way to get this is to cull it from the manuscripts of the million rather than the overworked few.

We say this is our theory. It is little more than a theory with us yet, for we have not—not by a good deal—reached anything

DON'T FORGET THIS.—If you will show MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE to your friends and secure for us five new subscribers, sending us one dollar for each name, we will give you a year's subscription free for yourself in return for your trouble.

like the degree of perfection we aim at—that perfection towards which we are steadily trending, and which we are sure to attain.

A HANDSOME SET OF BOOKS.

THE bound volumes of any first rate magazine make a remarkably attractive, interesting, and valuable set of books; and the bound volumes of MUNSEY'S are the handsomest of all. It is still possible to secure a complete series of them, beginning with the first issue of the magazine, though Volumes VIII and IX are nearly out of print. See the advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

If you have the back numbers of MUNSEY'S you can get them bound by any book-binder; or you can send them to the publishers, who will do it for you for fifty cents a volume. You must forward the magazines prepaid by mail or express, and send eighty cents for binding and return postage of each volume.

If any of your numbers are missing, you can get them, as far back as October, 1893, at ten cents per copy. Order them through your newsdealer or from the publishers.

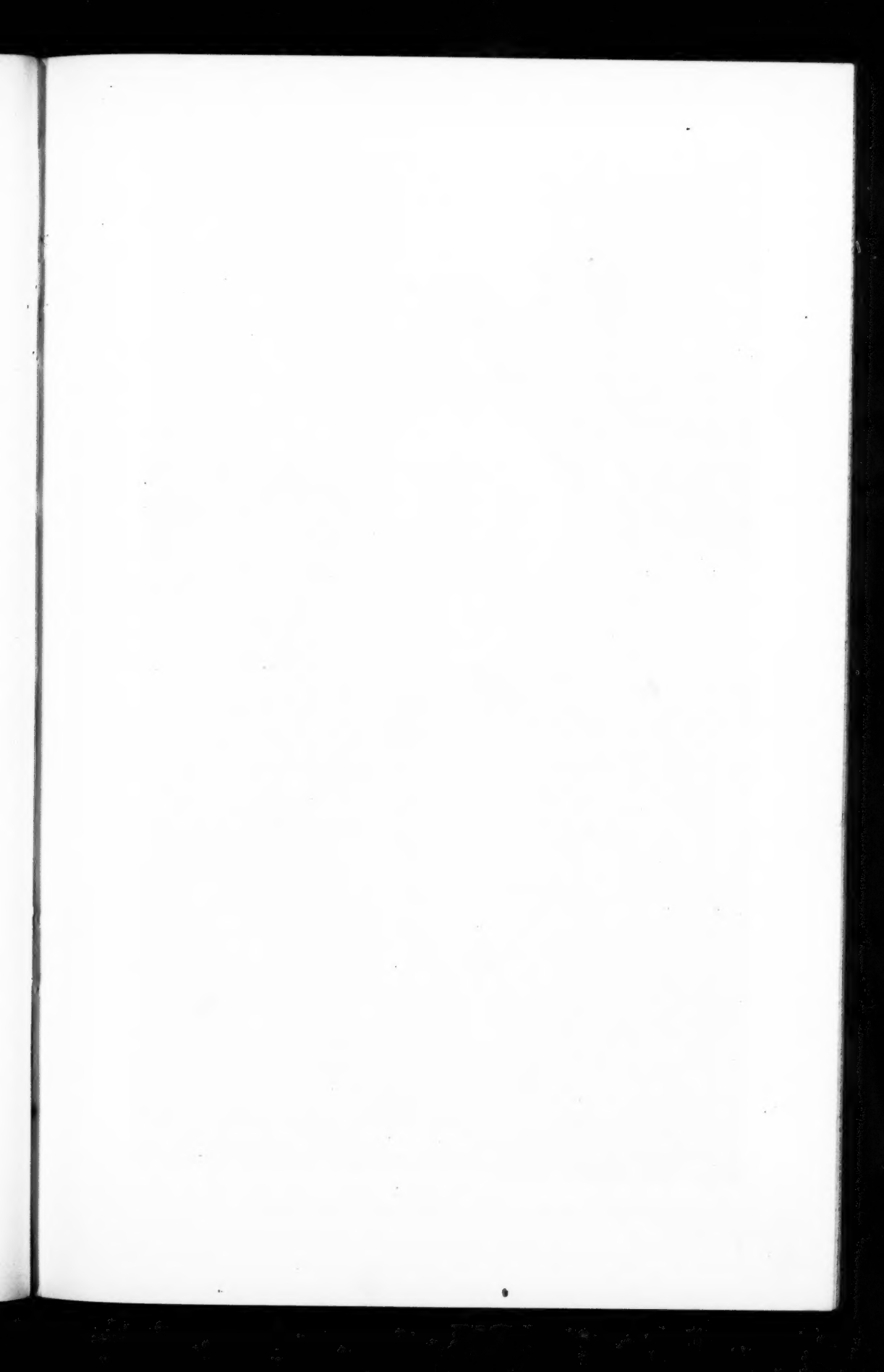
A MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

AT this time of the year, when the long, cold winter evenings are upon us, the young people want something to read. If you would care to make glad the hearts of the boys and girls of your family, or of the boys and girls of any family you may know, why not put into their hands a copy of our famous juvenile magazine, *THE ARGOSY*? It is the best of all the young people's periodicals—a magazine of the same size as MUNSEY'S, handsome in picture and text, healthful, clean, and interesting—a magazine in which every member of the family can find something interesting. Subscription price, one dollar a year; single copies, ten cents—sample copies, ten cents.

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